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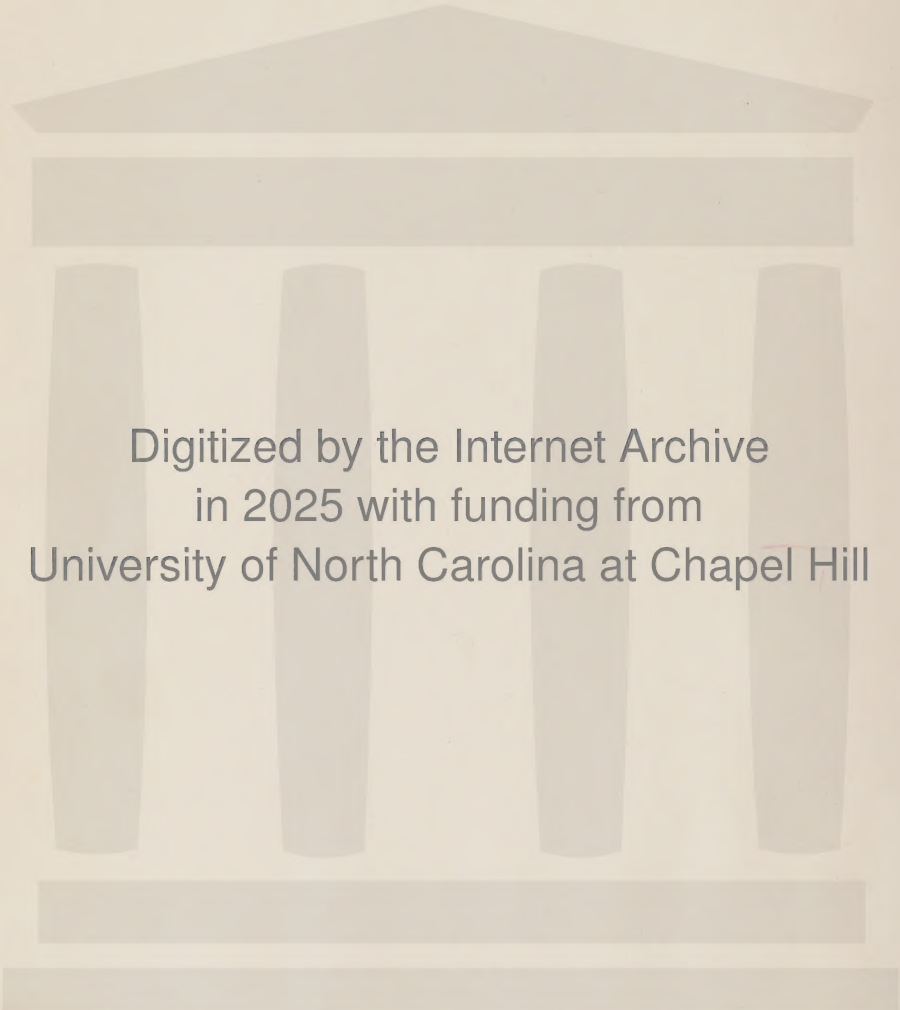
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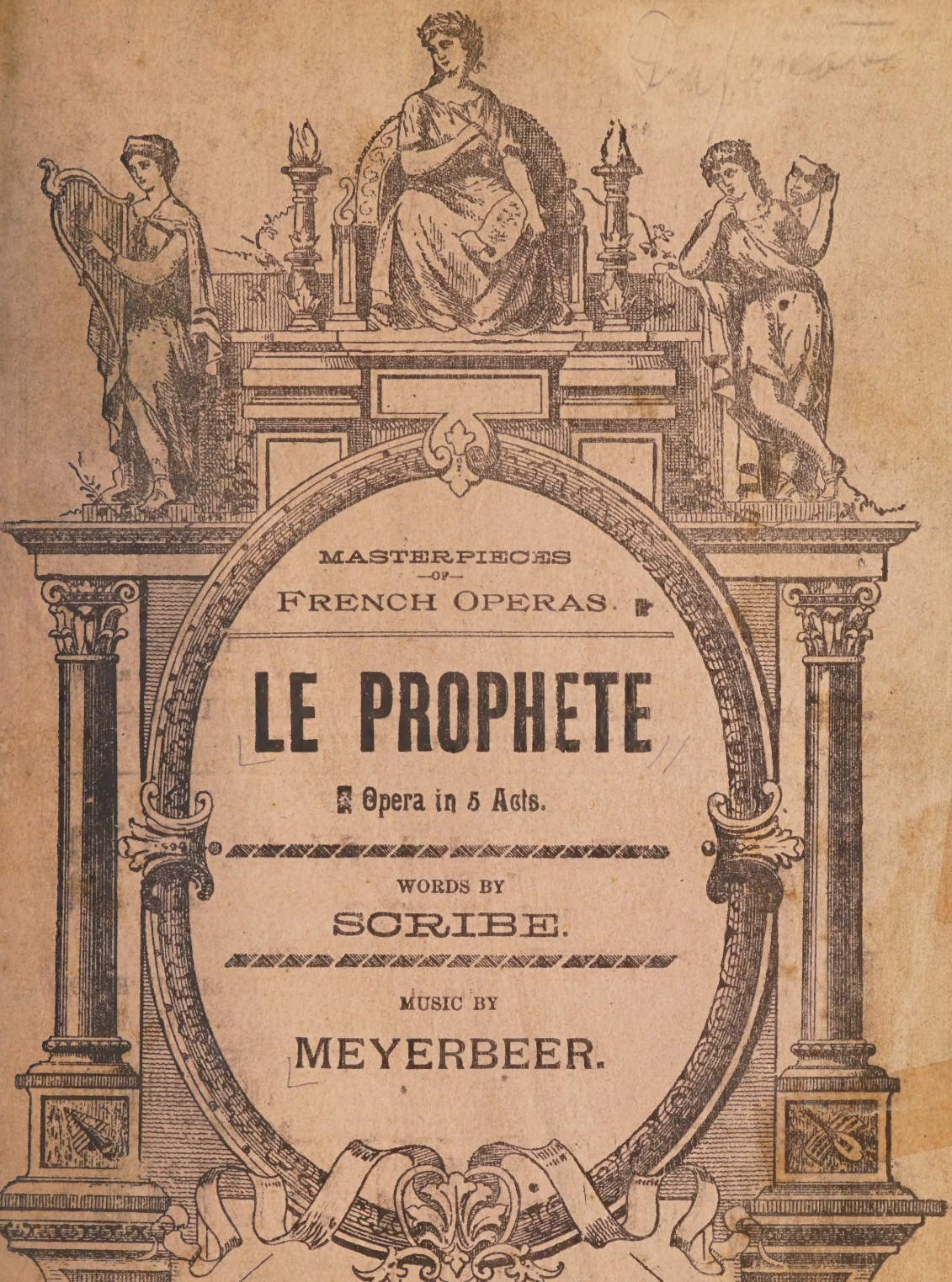

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LE PROPHETE

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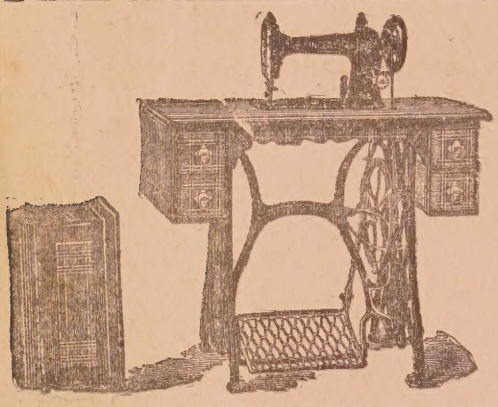

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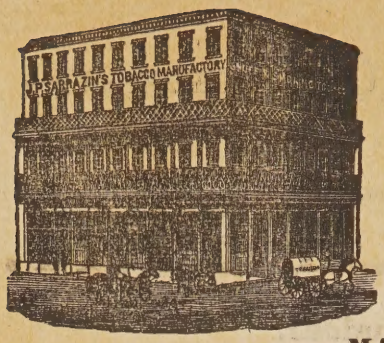

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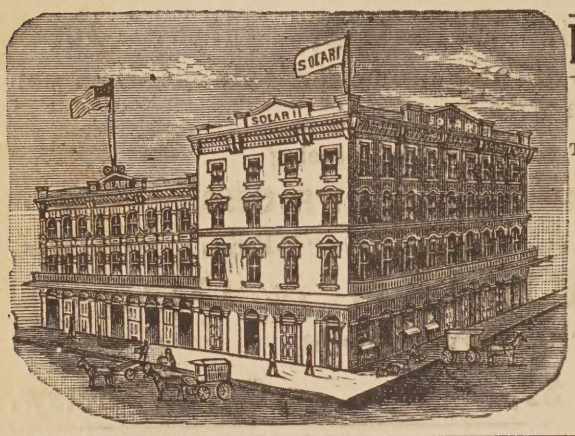

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THE PROPHET

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The country near Dordrecht.—At the back the Meuse is seen; on the right, a fortified Chateau; on the left, Farms and Mills; upon the same side, on the first wing, are seen sacks of corn, rustic tables, benches, etc.

During the early part of the sixteenth century, a section of Germany was agitated by a sort of religious fanaticism, which was confined chiefly to the lower classes, and which was strongly tinted with a spirit of revenge against the wealthy and powerful. Most prominent among the various sects which sprung up at that time was the sect of Anabaptists, who, under the leadership of one Bockels Bockelson, commonly called John of Leyden, a man of great valor and intrepidity, and indomitable belief in his mission, although but a tailor by trade, made themselves masters of a large tract of the country, with Munster for its capital, and held it for several years, until His Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, himself, at the head of a large army, marched on them and routed them. That principle in the Anabaptistical creed which made it so popular was in all probability the one of a community of property and women, which afterwards, when on the occasion of John of Leyden's coronation as king, was solmemnly proclaimed in a formal constitution. With John's death, this strange sect entirely disappeared.—Upon these historical facts Scribe has built the libretto of "The Prophet."

John, the son of a widow, a small innkeeper, near Leyden, named Fides, was on the eve of his marriage to Bertha, a young orphan. Before celebrating the nuptials, Bertha had to obtain the permission of the Count Oberthal, for Bertha was a vassal. Fides accompanied her future daughter-in-law to the castle of the Count. When they came near it, their progress was stopped by a large crowd of serfs, peasants, &c., to whom three Anabaptist preachers were communicating their revolutionary doctrines. The vile preachers succeeded to arouse the lazy mass; they seized whatever weapons came to hand and rushed to attack the castle, when Count Oberthal, laughing with his nobles, and with a guard, came out, and the valiant rebels shrank and tried to hide their weapons. But the Count hardly noticed them. He had the three ominous Anabaptists expelled, and then turned to the fair Bertha, who now approached him with Fides, and laid her wishes before him. Count Oberthal could not part with so much beauty, and claimed his fair vassal for himself. Bertha and Fides were seized and carried into the castle, while the peasants looked on, indignant but inactive.

John, in the meanwhile, sat in his inn, waiting impatiently for his bride. He had had a singular dream the night before, which had taken a strong hold on his mind. He had seen himself crowned,

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LE PROPHETE.

ACTE PREMIER.

Le Théâtre représente les campagnes de la Hollande aux environs de Dordrecht. Au fond on aperçoit la Meuse ; à droite un château-fort avec pont-levis et tourelles ; à gauche, fermes et moulins dépendant du château.

SCENE I.

Au lever du rideau, un paysan jouant de la cornemuse, appelle les ouvriers du moulin et de la ferme au repas du matin. Ils arrivent de différents côtés, et s'asseyent devant des tables où leurs femmes les servent.

CHŒUR. La brise est muette...
D'échos en échos
Sonne la clochette
De nos gais troupeaux.
Trop longtemps l'orage
Attrista nos cœurs,
D'un jour sans nuage
Goûtons les douceurs

GARÇON DU MOULIN.
Le vent qui s'arrête
Arrête le moulin ;
Que pour nous s'apprête
Le repas du matin,

CHŒUR. La brise est muette, &c.

SCENE II.

Les précédents : BERTHE, FIDÈS.

BERTHE, *Sortant de la maison à gauche lisant une lettre, elle court au devant de sa mère qui arrive du fond*

Fidès, ma bonne mère, enfin donc vous voilà !
FIDES.—Tu m'attendais.
BERTHE.—Depuis l'aurore !
FIDES.—Et Jean, mon fils, attend plus ardemment encore sa fiancée !.. "Allez, ma mère, amenez-la" m'a-t-il dit..Et je viens !
BERTHE.—Ainsi, moi, pauvre fille,
Orpheline et sans biens, il m'a daigné choisir !
FIDÈS.—Des filles de Dordrecht, Berthe est la plus gentille.
Et la plus sage ! Et je veux vous unir.
Et je veux, dès demain que Berthe me succède,
Dans mon hôtellerie et dans mon beau comptoir,
Le plus beau, vois-tu bien, de la ville de Leyde.
Hâtons-nous..car mon fils nous attend pour ce soir.
BERTHE—Reposez-vous d'abord !
FIDES—Que Dieu vous soit en aide.
Partons.
BERTHE—Non vraiment...Vassale, je ne puis
Me marier, ni quitter ce pays
Sans la volonté souveraine
Du comte d'Oberthal, seigneur de ce domaine,
Dont vous voyez d'ici les créneaux redoutés !
FIDES—Alors, auprès de lui courons...Viens !
Elle veut l'entraîner au château.
BERTHE, *prêtant l'oreille.*—Ecoutez !

FIRST ACT.

The theatre represents the landscape of Holland, in the environs of Dordrecht. In the back ground can be seen the river Meuse ; on the right, a castle with a drawbridge and turrets; on the left, farms and mills belonging to the castle.

SCENE I.

When the curtain rises a peasant, playing the bag-pipe, calls the laborers from the farm and mills to breakfast. They pour in from different quarters and sit down at table where they are waited upon by their wives.

CHORUS.—The breeze is mute....
From echo to echo,
Resound the bells
Of our gay flocks.
Too long have storm
Made our hearts sad,
Let us enjoy the charms
Of this serene day.

A MILLER.—As the wind stops,
Was stopp'd the mill ;
Let the morning meal
Be prepared for us.

CHORUS.—The breeze is mute, &c.

SCENE II.

The same—BERTHE, FIDES.

BERTHE *Comes out of her house reading a letter, running towards her mother, who comes form the rear.*

Fides, good mother, thou hast come at last
FIDES.—Didst thou look for me ?
BERTHE.—Since the dawn of day !
FIDES—And John, my son, is still more anxious to see his betrohed ! ...
Go mother, and bring her, he said, and here I am !
BERTHE—So then he has chose me, a poor, penniless orphan girl
FIDES—Mong the girls of Dordrecht, Berthe is the handsomest.
And the wisest. I will unite you ;
And to-morrow she will succeed me
In my inn, and behind my fine counter,
The finest, I say, in the city of Leyde.
Make haste ; my son looks for us to-night.
BERTHE Take some rest first
FIDES—May the Heaven help us,
Let us hence !
BERTHE—No, certainly ! I'm a vassal, and cannot
Either marry, or leave this country
Without the sovereign permission
Of Count Oberthal, the lord of the domain,
Th'awful battlement of which you see yonder.
FIDES—Well, then, let us apply to him..Come.
She is hurrying towards the Chateau.
BERTHE, *listening*—Hark !

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SCENE III

Les précédents—ZACHARIE, JONAS, MATHISEN.

FIDES, *à demi-voix, à Berthe, et redescendant avec crainte les marches de l'escalier:*
Quels sont ces hommes noirs aux figures sinistres?
BERTHE—*de même.*
On dit que du Tres-Haut ce sont de saints ministres
Qui depuis quelque temps parcourent nos cantons,
Répandant parmi nous leurs doctes oraisons!
Fidès sort avec Berthe.

SCENE IV.

LE PRECHE ANABAPTISTE.

JONAS, MATHISEN et ZACHARIE *à voix haute.*
Ad nos salutarem undam
Itenum Venite miseri
Ad nos venite populi.
Ils descendent la colline.
TOUS.
Ecoutons le ciel qui les inspire;
Dans leurs traits égarés voyez quel saint délire.
ZACHARIE—De ces champs fécondés longtemps par vos sueurs,
Voulez-vous être enfin les maîtres et seigneurs?
Le voulez-vous? Le voulez-vous?
LES TROIS ANABAPTISTES.
Ad nos salutarem, etc.
JONAS, *à un des paysans*
Veux-tu que ces castels, aux tourelles altières,
Descendent au niveau des plus humbles chaumières?
Le veux-tu? Le veux-tu?
LES TROIS ANABAPTISTES.
Ad nos salutarem etc.
MATHISEN—Esclaves et vassaux, trop longtemps à genoux,
Ce qui fut abaisse se lève!....Levez-vous!
LES ANABAPTISTES.
Levez-vous! Levez-vous!
Les paysans commencent à s'émouvoir.
PREMIER PAYSAN.
Ainsi ces beaux châteaux?....
JONAS ET MATHISEN.
Ils vous appartiendront.
2ME PAYSAN.
La dîme et la corvée? ...
JONAS—Elles disparaîtront.
D'AUTRES PAYSANS.
Et nous serfs et vassaux?....
MATHISEN—Libres en ce séjour!
D'AUTRES PAYSANS.
Et nos anciens seigneurs?....
JONAS—Esclaves à leur tour!
ENSEMBLE.
Chœur de paysans se parlant entre eux.
Ils ont raison, écoutez-les:
CHŒUR.
Ils disent vrai, Dieu parle ainsi.
Nous les suivrons.
D'AUTRES PAYSANS.
Et nous aussi.
Point de retard, point de merci!

Berthe and Fides have hardly ascended the steps leading to the castle, when three men dressed in black, appear on the hill. The peasants step towards them and gaze on them with curiosity.

SCENE III.

The same—ZACHARIE, JONAS, MATHISEN.

FIDES, *wispering to Berthe, and descending the steps with fear.*
Who are those sombre men, with looks so sinister?
BERTHE—*Low voice.*
'Tis said of the most high they're holy ministers
And traveling through our districts,
To spread among us their wise lessons.
[Exeunt Fides and Berthe.

SCENE IV.

THE ANABAPTIST SERMON.

JONAS, MATHISEN AND ZACHARIE.
Ad nos salutarem undam
Iterum venite, miseri;
Ad vos venite, populi.
They descend the hill.
ALL.
Let's listen to Heaven who inpires them;
See what a holy ardor brightens their features.
ZACHARIE—Are you willing at last to be the Lords
Of those fields by your toils fertilized?
Say, are you willing?
THE THREE ANABAPTISTS.
Ad nos, salutarem, &c.
JONAS, *to one of the peasants.*
Do'st thou wish to see those castles and turrets
Brought down to the level of the humblest cottage?
Say, do'st thou wish it?
THE THREE ANABAPTISTS.
Ad nos, salutarem, &c.
MATHISEN—Ye vassals and slaves, who knelt down so long,
What was humbled, now rises! Rise then!
THE THREE ANABAPTIST.
Rise! Rise!
The peasants begin to be moved.
FIRST PEASANT.
What! those splendid castles?....
JONAS AND MATHISEN.
Shall be your property.
SECOND PEASANT.
What! the tithes and labor?....
JONAS—Will disappear!
OTHER PEASANTS.
And we? serfs and vassals ....
MATHISEN—Shall be free!
OTHER PEASANTS.
And our former lords?
JONAS—Slaves in their turn!
TOGETHER.
Chorus of peasants, talking together.
They are right, listen to them.
CHORUS.
They speak the truth; God speaks thus;
We'll follow them.
OTHER PEASANTS.
And we also,
Without delay, without mercy.

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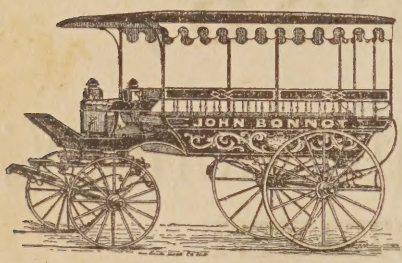

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LES ANABAPTISTES *parcourent les groupes de paysans pour les exciter.*

Vous êtes forts, puissants,
Allez, vous êtes grands !

LES TROIS ANABAPTISTES.

Ad nos, ad nos salutarem, etc.

LES PAYSANS *s'animant peu à peu.*

Ah ! vengeons-nous sur nos tyrans,
Qu'ils meurent tous. Levons-nous.

Tous se précipitent à l'avant-scène avec des gestes menaçants, etc

Malheur à qui nous combattrait !
Malheur ! Malheur !
Son supplice est tout prêt,
Dieu signe l'arrêt.

Les hommes sortent en désordre et reviennent armés de fourches, de faux, de pioches, etc.

LES TROIS ANABAPTISTES, LES PAYSANS, *avec exaltation.*

O roi des cieux, a toi cette victoire !
Dieu des combats, marche avec nous
Les nations verront ta gloire,
Ta Sainte Loi luira pour tous !
Dieu le veut ! Dieu le veut ! Marchez, suivez-nous !
De la liberté sainte enfin voici le jour ;
De notre Germanie, elle fera le tour.
Dieu le veut !

TOUS LES PAYSANS, *avec fureur.*

Aux armes ! ! Au martyr ! ! !
Marchons !... Marchons... Vaincre ou mourir !

Tous les paysans, excités par les trois anabaptistes, s'élancent sur les marches de l'escalier qui conduit au château.

SCENE V.

Les mêmes : LE COMTE OBERTHAL, *suivi de seigneurs et soldats.*

Les portes du château s'ouvrent ; OBERTHAL *sort ; il est entouré de seigneurs ses amis, avec lesquels il cause en riant. A sa vue, les paysans s'arrêtent, reculent avec respect, et cachent leurs armes.*

OBERTHAL *s'avance tranquillement au milieu des paysans, qui le saluent.*

CHŒUR DE PAYSANS, *ôtant leurs chapeaux.*

Salut ! Salut au noble châtelain.

OBERTHAL, *regardant le groupe des anabaptistes.*

De quels cris menaçants, ces visages si tristes,
Troublent jusqu'en nos murs la gaieté du festin.
Ceux-là ne sont-ils pas de ces anabaptistes,
Ces fougueux puritains, ces ennuyeux prêcheurs,
Semant partout, dit-on, leurs dogmes imposteurs?

LES TROIS ANABAPTISTES.

Malheur !.... Malheur !
A celui dont les yeux ne s'ouvrent qu'à l'erreur.

OBERTHAL, *regardant Jonas.*

Eh ! mais vraiment, je crois le reconnaître ;
Oui, c'est maître Jonas, mon ancien sommelier ;
Il me volait mon vin, dont il se disait maître.

Aux soldats, montrant les trois anabaptistes.

Que le fourreau du sabre aide à les châtier !
Soldats ! qu'on les chasse,
Eloignez leur figure infernale !

Les Anabaptistes sortent.

Apercevant Berthe qui s'avance timidement et fait la révérence.

Ah ! celle-ci vaut mieux. Approche, ma vassale.
Avance et parle sans frayeur.

THE ANABAPTISTS *go from one group to another trying to excite them.*

You are strong and powerful.
Aye ! you are great !

THE ANABAPTISTS.

Ad nos, salutarem, &c.

THE PEASANTS *are gradually moved.*

Let's be revenged on our tyrants !
Let them all die ! Let us rise !

They all flock to the edge of the stage, with threatening gestures.

Woe to him who will fight us !
Woe to him ! Woe to him !
His punishment is ready ;
God signs the sentence.

The peasants sally out in great confusion and return armed with pitch-forks, hoes, scythes, &c.

THE THREE ANABAPTISTS and THE PEASANTS, *with enthusiam.*

King of Heaven ! To thee this victory !
God of battles ! march with us,
The nations will see thy glory ;
Thy holy law will shine for all !
'Tis God's will ! March and follow us.
The day of liberty has at last arrived ;
It will spread throughout Germany.
'Tis God's will !

All the peasants, with phrenzy.

To arms ! To martyrdom !
Let us march ! let us march ! and conquer or die.

All the peasants, excited by the three Anabaptists, rush to the steps that lead to the castle.

SCENE V.

The same—THE COUNT OBERTHAL, *followed by Knights and Soldiers.*

The doors of the castle are thrown open; OBERTHAL, *steps out; he is surrounded by friends with whom he talks and laughs. At his sight, the peasants stop, then respectfully draw back and hide their arms. Oberthal advances quietly among the peasants who bow to him.*

CHORUS *of peasants, taking their hats off.*

Homage ! Homage to our noble Lord.

OBERTHAL, *looking at the group of the Anabaptists.*

By threatening cries those gloomy faces
Disturb, within these walls, our joyful feasts ;
Are they not Anabaptists,
Those fierce puritans and tiresome preachers,
Spreading their false dogmas through the world?

THE THREE ANABAPTISTS.

Woe to him ! Woe to him !
Whose eyes are opened to error only.

OBERTHAL, *looking at Jonas.*

Ah ! truly, methinks I know him ;
Aye ! it's master Jonas my former butler,
He stole my wine, saying it was his.

To the soldiers, pointing to the three Anabaptists.

Chastise them with the scabbard of your swords
Soldiers, drive them away !
Take from my sight their infernal faces.

[Exeunt the Anabaptists.

Perceiving Berthe, who approaches timidly and bows to him.

Ah ! this one is better. Approach my vassal,
Approach, and speak without fear.

BERTHE, *to Fides whispering.*

Alas ! mother, how much I fear.

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BERTHE, *bas à Fidès.*
Ma mère, helas ! j'ai bien peur !
FIDES—Sois sans crainte, bonne fille,
Je suis la pour te donner du cœur.

FIDES ET BERTHE, *à Frédéric.*

ROMANCE, *à deux voix.*

PREMIER COUPLET.

BERTHE—Un jour dans les flots de la Meuse,
J'allais p rir, Jean ! Jean me sauva !
FIDES—Jean ! Jean la sauva !
BERTHE—Orpheline et bien malheureuse,
Depuis ce jour. Jean me protégea.
FIDES—Jean la protégea !
BERTHE—Je reconnais votre droit suprême ;

ENSEMBLE.

Mais Jean $\frac{\text{m'aime}}{\text{l'aime}}$ de tout son cœur,

Ah ! permettez qu'aussi $\frac{\text{je}}{\text{elle}}$ l'aime.

Permettez-moi d'être sa femme.
Le voulez-vous, mon bon seigneur,
Mon doux seigneur.

2ME COUPLET.

Vassale de votre domaine,
Je suis sans fortune et sans bien ;
Et Jean, que son amour entraîne,
Veut m'épouser, moi qui n'ai rien.
Voici sa mère, qui réclame
Pour son fils ma main et mon cœur.
Permettez-moi d'être sa femme.
Le voulez-vous, mon bon seigneur,
Mon doux seigneur.

RECITATIF ET FINAL.

OBERTHAL, *regardant Berthe avec amour.*
Eh quoi ! tant de candeur, d'attraits et d'innocence
Seraient perdus pour nous et quitteraient ces lieux !
A Berthe : Non, non, je refuse.
Chœur de paysans, poussant un cri d'indignation.
Grands dieux !
BERTHE, *se jetant dans les bras de Fidès.*
Ah ! quel malheur !
FIDES—Ah ! quelle horreur !

Fidès à gauche, au milieu des paysans. leur fait honte de leur lâcheté, les supplie de défendre Berthe, et de réclamer justice pour elle. A leur approche, Frédéric se retourne ; ses vasseaux s'arrêtent interdits et tremblants.

BERTHE, FIDES *et les paysans.*
O nouvelles infamies, ô mortelles alarmes,
Faut-il, hélas ! se soumettre à ce sceptre d'airain ?
OBERTHAL—Je l'ai dit, je le veux, moi, seigneur châtelain !
Cédez tous aux désirs du seigneur châtelain,
Ou sinon . . . Soldats ! . .
Les paysans effrayés reculent.
Fuyons ! . . .

Pendant ces derniers vers, les soldats ont entouré Berthe et Fidès, qu'ils entraînent dans le château. Frédéric et ses amis les suivent, et derrière eux se referment les portes du château. Les paysans, muets de surprise et de frayeur, se retirent en silence et la tête baissée. Tout-à-coup on entend dans le lointain le psaume des anabaptistes.

LES ANABAPTISTES.
Ad nos, ad salutarem undam
Iterum venite, miseri, venite.

FIDES—Be without fear, my daughter ;
I am here to encourage thee.

FIDES AND BERTHE *to Frederic.*

ROMANCE.—TWO VOICES.

FIRST COUPLET

BERTHE—One day in the Meuse flowing waters
I'd perish, but John flew to save.
FIDES—But John flew to save !
BERTHE—An orphan, most sad of earth's daughters,
From that fond hour. John worshipp'd, my slave
FIDES—John worshipp'd, her slave.
BERTHE—I well know, sir, your power supreme.

TOGETHER.

But John in his love was sincere
Ah ! gracious Lord permit

Permit that $\frac{\text{I}}{\text{she}}$ wed him !

Ah ! gracious lord, gentle lord, that permit

$\frac{\text{I}}{\text{she}}$ wed him.

SECOND COUPLET.

Born a vassal upon your estate,
Devoid of wealth, fortune's smiles all,
John, for love of me. scorning the great
Still will wed, though naught mine I can call.
Ah, see his mother, who came to claim
For her son, my hand and my heart !
Ah ! let me of his wife bear the name !
Let me depart ! Let me depart !
Ah ! gracious lord !

RECITATIVE AND FINAL SONG.

OBERTHAL *looking amorously on Berthe.*
What ! so much candor, beauty and innocence
Should leave this domain and be lost for me !
To Berthe : No, no, I refuse.
Chorus of peasants, uttering cries of indignation
Great Gods !
BERTHE, *throwing herself into the arms of Fides*
What a misfortune !
FIDES—How horrible !
[Fides on the left, amidst the peasants, upbraids them for the cowardice; entreats them to take up Berthe's defence and to require justice for her. At their approach, Frederic turns around, his vassals stop, disconcerted and trembling.]

BERTHE, FIDES AND THE PEASANTS.
What new infamy ! O motal alarms !
Must we submit to such a despotism ?
OBERTHAL—What I said, I now repeat ;
Yield to the will of your lord,
Otherwise !. . . . Soldiers !. . . .
THE PEASANTS, *frightened, step back.*
Let us fly !
[During the last verse, the soldiers surround Berthe and Fides, whom they forcibly carry to the castle. Frederic and his friends follow them, and the doors of the castle are closed upon them. The peasants, dumb with astonishment, retire in silence. All at once, the psalm of the Anabaptists is heard at a distance.]

THE ANABAPTISTS.
Ad nos, salutarem undam,
Iterum venite, miseri, venite.—

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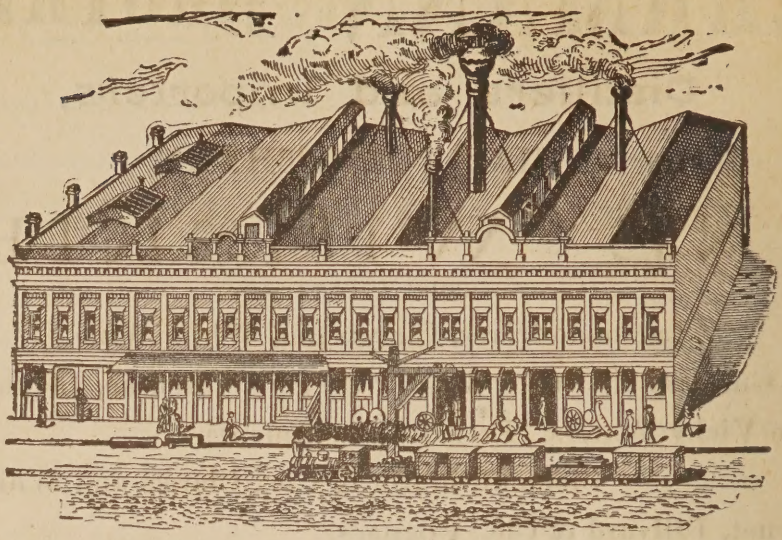

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Ceux-ci paraissent au fond du théâtre ; le peuple court au-devant d'eux et se prosterne à leurs pieds sur les marches de l'escalier, tandis que Zacharie, Jonas et Mathisen menacent du regard et du geste le château d'Oberthal,

Le rideau baisse.

FIN DU 1ER ACTE.

ACTE DEUXIEME.

L'auberge de Jean et de sa mère, dans les faubourgs de la ville de Leyde. On entend au dehors un air de valse. Un garçon, tenant des brocs qu'il pose sur une table, sort de la chambre à droite, et va ouvrir les portes du fond ; des paysans et des paysannes qui s'amusent à valser, entrent dans l'intérieur de la taverne ; plusieurs se mettent à des tables et chantent le chœur suivant, tandis que les autres continuent toujours leur valse.

SCENE I.

VALSE VILLAGEOISE—*Chœur.*

Valsons toujours,
Oui, la valse a mes amours.
Valsons, chantons, chers amis,
Valsons toujours,
Oui, la valse a mes amours.
Vive, vive, vive Jean.

[Les trois anabaptistes entrent les derniers et se placent à une table.]

UN SOLDAT,

Allons, pour les danseurs
De ta meilleure bière
Verse, ami Jean, verse.
Ici la vie est douce
Pour les seigneurs
Et les soldats, tra la la **la** !
Verse, ami Jean, Jean, ici.

PAYSANS, *appelant.*

Ici, viens donc, de la bière,
Ici tavernier, je crois qu'il nous oublie.
Jean !....

JEAN, *leur en versant.*

En voici, mes amis !
[Remontant vers la porte du fond.]
Le jour baisse et ma mère
Bientôt sera de retour
Avec ma fiancée.... O Berthe ! ô mon amour.

JONAS, *regardant Jean, qu'il n'a pas encore vu.*

O ciel !

MATHISEN ET ZACHARIE.

Qu'avez-vous donc ?

JONAS—Regarde,
Ce jeune homme....

ZACHARIE, *avec étonnement.*

En effet....

MATHISEN, *de même.*

Oui, ces traits.... c'est frappant.

TOUS TROIS, *à voix basse.*

La ressemblance est inouïe !

JONAS—Et devant moi vivant, j'ai cru voir à son air,
David, le roi David, qu'on adore à Munster !

MATHISEN—Ce tableau qu'on révère en notre Westphalie,
Et qui fait tous les jours des miracles....

JONAS—Silence. (*A un paysan*) Ami !
Quel est cet homme ?

UN PAYSAN.

Jean, le maître du logis !
Son cœur est excellent, et son bras est terrible.

JONAS, *toujours à demi-voix, au paysan.*

Tête ardente ?

[And they appear on the back part of the Stage, the people run towards them and lie prostrated at their feet on the steps ; Zacharie, Jonas and Mathisen threaten Oberthal's castle with their looks and gestures.]

The curtain falls.

END OF FIRST ACT.

SECOND ACT.

An inn belonging to John and his mother, in one of the suburbs of the city of Leyde The tune of a waltz is heard outside. A waiter carrying two jugs enters from a room on the right, lays his jugs on a table, and opens the back door. A number of peasants of both sexes, who were waltzing, enter the tavern ; several of them seat themselves at a table, and sing the following Chorus, whilst the others continue to waltz.

SCENE I.

A COUNTRY WALTZ—*Chorus.*

Let us always waltz,
Aye, I do love waltzing ;
Dear friends, let us waltz and sing,
Let us always waltz,
Aye, I do love waltzing ;
Long live, long live, John !

(The Three Anabaptists enter last and seat themselves at one of the tables.)

A SOLDIER.

Halloo ! for the dancers,
Bring hither thy best beer,
Friend John,
Life is pleasant
And gay for the lords,
And soldiers ; tro la la la !
Pour, friend John....here John !

PEASANTS—*calling.*

Here, here ; let's have beer ;
Thou, tavern-keeper ; I believe
He forgets us....John!

JOHN, *filling their glasses.*

Here is some, my friends.
Stepping towards the back door.
'Tis nearly dark, my mother
Will soon come back,
With my betrothed O Berthe, O my love !

JONAS, *looking at John, whom he has not yet seen.*

Heaven !

MATHISEN AND ZACHARIE.

What is the matter ?

JONAS—Look at
That young man.

ZACHARIE, *with amazement.*

Really..

MATHISEN, *alike.*

Aye ! those features...'tis striking !

ALL THREE, *in a low voice.*

'Tis an astonishing likeness.

JONAS—From his looks, I thought I had before me
David, King David, worshipped in Munster.

MATHISEN—That picture so much reverred in Westphalia
Which every day works miracles....

JONAS—Silence ! (*To a peasant*) My friend,
Who is that man ?

A PEASANT.

John, our landlord,
His heart is excellent, and his arm terrible.

JONAS, *to the peasant, always in a low voice.*

A fiery head ?

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LE PAYSAN.
Oui vraiment!
JONAS, *de même.*
Il est brave?
LE PAYSAN.
Et dévôt!
Il sait par cœur toute la Bible!
JONAS, *à ses deux compagnons, à demi-voix.*
Amis, n'est-ce pas là l'apôtre qu'il nous faut?
TOUS TROIS.
Celui qu'à nous aider appelle le Très-Haut.

[Ils continuent à causer à voix basse ; pendant ce temps les paysans reprennent le chœur et la valse.]

JEAN—La nuit déjà couvre la terre,
Vont-ils donc rester tous ?
J'attends Berthe et ma mère ;
Partez, amis, retirez-vous!
CHŒUR.
Partons ; il attend sa belle!
Son cœur bat d'amour et d'espoir ;
Partons ! Qu'il reste avec elle!
Bonsoir, ami, bonsoir !

[Ils sortent tous en valsant, et la valse continue encore dans le lointain, après qu'ils sont partis.

SCENE II.

JONAS, MATHISEN, ZACHARIE, *se lèvent et s'approchent de Jean.*
Ami quel nuage obscurcit ta pensée?
JEAN—J'attends ma mère avec ma fiancée ;
Leur retard m'inquiète, et déjà l'autre nuit
Un sinistre présage a troublé mon esprit!
TOUS TROIS.
Qu'est-ce donc?.... Parle.... ami!
JEAN Qu'ici votre science
Eclaire par pitié ma faible intelligence
Sur mille objets bizarres et confus,
Et que deux fois en dormant j'ai revus.
LE SONGE—RECITATIF.
Sous les vastes arceaux d'un temple magnifique
J'étais debout!.... le peuple a mes pieds prosterné,
Et du bandeau royal mon front était orné!
Mais pendant qu'ils disaient, dans un pieux cantique :
C'est l'Élu! le Messie! C'est le fils de Dieu!
Je lisais sur le marbre, écrits en traits de feu :
Malheur à toi! Ma main voulait tirer mon glaive;
Mais un fleuve de sang et m'entoure et s'élève.
Pour le fuir, sur un trône en vain j'étais monté ;
Et le trône et moi-même, il a tout emporté!
Au milieu des éclairs, au milieu de la flamme,
Pendant qu'aux pieds de Dieu Satan traînait mon âme,
S'élevait de la terre une clameur :
"Qu'il soit maudit! maudit!"
Mais vers le ciel et dans l'abîme immense
Une voix s'éleva et s'écria : "Clémence! Clémence!"
Ici je me réveillai muet.... anéanti,
De frayeur interdit.
ENSEMBLE.
LES TROIS ANABAPTISTES.
Sur le sort qu'il pronostique,
Le ciel même à nous s'explique....
L'avenir s'offre à nos yeux!
Jean!.... tu règneras!
JEAN—Moi, mes amis, vous n'y pensez pas!

THE PEASANT—Certainly.
JONAS, *the same way.*
He is brave?
THE PEASANT—And devout:
He knows the whole Bible by heart.
JONAS, *to his two comrades, in a low voice.*
Friends! is he not the apostle we want?
ALL THREE.
He whom God has marked to assist us.

[They continne their conversation in a low voice and the peasants resume the chorus of the waltz.]

JOHN—Already the shadows of night
On the land, and they tarry yet ;
I wait for Berthe and my mother ;
Retire, friends, retire.
CHORUS.
Let us go! he waits for his fair
His heart beats with love and hope,
Let us go! and leave him with her ;
Good night, friend, good night.

[They all go out waltzing, and the waltz is still heard at a distance after their departure.]

SCENE II.

JONAS, MATHISEN and ZACHARIE *rise and approach John.*
JONAS—Friend! what makes thy thoughts gloomy?
JOHN—I wait my mother and my bride ;
I am uneasy. The other night,
A sinister presage disturbed my mind.
ALL THREE.
What was it? Speak, friend!
JOHN—Let your science
Enlighten my feeble intelligence
About sundry fantastical objects
Which I saw twice in my sleep.
THE DREAM—Recitative.
Under the spacious vaults of a splendid temple
I stood! The people postrate at my feet ;
And a royal diadem adorned my forehead.
But while in a pious hymn they said :
He is the Messiah! he is the son of God!
I read on the marble, in fierry letters :
Woe to thee! I attempted to draw my sword,
But seas of blood had carried it away.
In vain, to escape, did ascend my throne :
The throne and myself, all was hurried away
In midst of lightenings, and in midst of flames
Satan dragged my soul before the Almighty ;
A clamor arose from the earth.
"Let him be damned!" Damned!
But towards heaven, through the espace immense
A voice was heard, and that voice said "Mercy! Mercy!
Then I awoke, dumb and terror-struck
Trembling with fear.
TOGETHER.
THE THREE ANABAPTISTS.
Heaven itself explain to us
The fate foretold in his dream ;
The future is to us revealed.
John! thou shalt be King
JOHN—I! friends....You must be deceived.

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pp

Le ciel est si bleu sur Flo - ren - ce Son a -
The heavens are so blue a- bove Florence,..... Their a -

zur..... a tant de dou - ceurs Qu'un chant d'a - mour et d'es - pé -
zure..... is so pure..... That songs of love and hope.....

f

ran - ce De-vrait mon - ter, mon- ter de tous les coeurs; mais la
..... should a - rise..... from all..... hearts; but the

bri - se fré - mis - san - te..... N'em por - te aux clairs fir ma -
wav - ing breeze..... Carries towards the..... skies....

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DANTE. (Cantiléne.)

f

ments que la ru meur gran- dis - san - te Dé ter - nels res-sen - ti -
only the ev- er increasing clam- or..... of e - ternal.. quar - rel-

Allegro.

ments.....
ling.....

tempo tranquille. *dim.* *pp*

Mes fré - res, mes a - mis!..... Le
My broth - ers, my friends!..... The

ciel..... est si bleu sur Flo-ren - ce Son a - zur..... a tant de dou
heavens are so blue above Flo - rence.... Their a - zure..... is so pure

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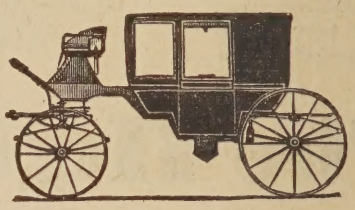

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PASTORALE.
1ER COUPLET.

Pour Berthe, moi je soupire ;
Je ne veux pas d'autre empire,
Oui, son cœur est tout pour moi !
Son amour, son amour m'a fait roi !
Pour moi le plus beau royaume
Ne vaut pas ce toit de chaume.
Humble empire, doux séjour
De la paix et de l'amour,
Où Berthe sera toujours,
Toujours, toujours
Mes seuls amours.

LES TROIS ANABAPTISTES.

Ah ! quelle folie extrême !
Dédaigner le rang suprême !
Marche avec nous, suis nos pas,
Et bientôt tu règneras.

JEAN—Moi ? non, non.

2ME COUPLET.

JEAN, *montrant la porte à gauche.*

Au lieu de pompe royale,
Pour sa chambre nuptiale,
J'ai cueilli la fleur des champs !
C'est ce soir que je l'attends !
Ce soir, le plus beau royaume, etc.

LES TROIS ANABAPTISTES.

Allons, viens, suis nos pas.
Ah ! quelle folie extrême, etc.

Ils sortent.

SCENE III.

JEAN, *seul.*

Ils partent, grâce au ciel ! leur funeste présence
M'empêchait d'être heureux.
Oui, demain, quand j'y pense,
Demain mon mariage !.... ô riant avenir !....
Remontant.
Eh ! mais, quel bruit retentit à cette heure ?
De loin d'ici n'entends-je pas
Le galop des coursiers, les armes des soldats ?
Qui peut les amener dans mon humble demeure ?

SCENE IV.

JEAN, BERTHE, *entrant en courant, pâle, échevelée ; elle court se jeter dans les bras de Jean.*

JEAN, *poussant un cri.*

Berthe, ma bien-aimée ! ah ! d'où vient ton effroi ?

BERTHE—Des fureurs d'un tyran sauve-moi, défends-moi !
Comment fuir ses regards ? juste ciel !

JEAN, *lui montrant un enfoncement caché par un rideau.*

Là, là.

BERTHE, *pendant que Jean regarde avec crainte au dehors.*

D'effroi je tremble encore !
Au trépas viens m'arracher,
Dieu puissant ! toi que j'implore,
A leurs yeux, viens me cacher.

OBERTHAL *et des soldats paraissent, Berthe se cache.*

SCENE V.

Les précédents, OBERTHAL, ses soldats.

OBERTHAL—Non loin de ces rives,
Au château de Harlem je menais deux captives,
Quand près de ta chaumière, et près d'un bois épais,
Dont les sombres détours l'ont cachée à ma vue,
L'une soudain a fui.... qu'est-elle devenue ?

PASTORAL.
FIRST COUPLET.

Oh ! there's sweeter empire far
Which long has been my guiding star ;
Oh, thou my joy, my greatest gain,
If in thy faithful heart I reign
For me, the proudest kingdom
Less than this that ch'd roof
My hopes would bless
Sweet home of calm felicity
Where I gladly live and die ;
Where Berthe will forever prove
Alike, (ter) my bosom's, queen and love.

THE THREE ANABAPTISTS.

Ah, what silliness extreme,
Thou disdaining rank supreme
March thou with us, nor hear in vain
And soon thou shalt in triumph reign !

JOHN—I ! no, no.

SECOND COUPLET.

JOHN, *pointing to the door on the left.*

Instead of royal pomp and state
For her nuptial couch to decorate
I gathered some wild flowers,
I look for her this evening ;
To-night the richest kingdom, &c.

THE ANABAPTISTS.

Come with us, follow our steps.
Ah, what silliness, &c.

[Exeunt

SCENE III.

JOHN, *alone.*

They are gone....thanks to heaven....
In their fatal presence,
To-morrow, rapturous thought !
To-morrow sees me wed ! oh ! smiling future
Coming forward.
But what rude noise disturbs this peaceful hour
In the far distance, surely I can hear
The tramp of horses, the fierce clang of soldiers?
What chance can bring them to my home ?

SCENE IV.

JOHN, BERTHE, *enters hastily, pale, her hair dishevelled : she runs and throws herself into John's arms.*

JOHN, *uttering a cry.*

Berthe, my beloved ! what wakes this terror.

BERTHE—From the rage of a tyrant, save me, protect me ?
How can I avoid him ? Just God !

JOHN, *pointing to a place which is hidden by a curtain.*

Here ! Here !

BERTHE, *whilst John is anxiously looking outside.*

I am still trembling with fear ;
Come and snatch me from death.
Almighty God, whom I implore,
Come and screen me from their eyes.

[Oberthal and several soldiers appear, and Berthe hides herself.]

SCENE V.

The same—OBERTHAL and SOLDIERS.

OBERTHAL—Not far from these shores,
I was leading two captives to the castle of Harlem
When near thy cottage and near a thick forest,
In the dark windings which hid her from my sight
One of them fled ! What has become of her ?

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Réponds?.... tu vas me la livrer,
Ou ta mère, à l'instant, à tes yeux va périr.
Si tu ne parles pas....
JEAN, *poussant un cri de terreur.*
Ma mère.... grâce, grâce!....
OBERTHAL, *souriant*
Ah! le moyen est bon.... Vois, choisis.
JEAN—Ah! cruel, prenez ma vie,
Tout mon sang, oui, le voilà;
Mais ma mère tant chérie,
Epargnez-la.
Ah! cruel, grâce, grâce!
BERTHE—Ah! d'effroi je tremble encore,
Au trépas viens m'arracher,
Dieu puissant, toi que j'implore,
A leurs yeux viens me cacher.
OBERTHAL—Te voilà réduit aux larmes,
M'implorant comme le ciel.
Prends conseil de tes alarmes,
Et préviens l'arrêt mortel.
Voyant qu'il hésite: Eh bien!
JEAN, *relevant la tête avec fureur.*
Qu'entre nous deux le ciel juge et décide,
Et qu'il fasse sur toi tomber le parricide!

(Oberthal remonte le théâtre et fait signe à ses soldats d'amener Fidès. Pendant ce temps, Berthe, pâle et tremblante, entr'ouvre le rideau à droite. Jean fait un pas vers elle, mais à ce moment on a traîné Fidès à la porte du fond, elle tombe à genoux en étendant les bras vers son fils; des soldats lèvent la hache sur sa tête. Jean se retourne et l'aperçoit; il pousse un cri, s'élance vers Berthe, la fait passer devant lui au moment ou Oberthal redescend le théâtre.

JEAN, *à Berthe, avec désespoir.*
Va-t'en.... va-t'en....
Tu le vois.... il le faut.... Va-t'en!

Les soldats entraînent Berthe à moitié évanouie, et Jean tombe anéanti. Fidès, qu'on a laissée libre, redescend le théâtre en chancelant, près de Jean, qui ne la voit pas.

SCENE VI.

JEAN, FIDES.

FIDES, *tombant à genoux.*
Mon fils, mon fils! sois béni en ce jour.
Ta pauvre mère
Te fut plus chère
Que Berthe et que ton amour.
Ah! mon fils,
Tu viens, hélas, de donner pour ta mère
Plus que ta vie, en donnant ton bonheur.
Ah! mon fils!
Que vers le ciel s'élève ma prière,
Et sois béni, mon fils, béni dans le Seigneur.

Jean, qui peu à peu a repris ses sens, cherche à calmer sa mère, disant qu'il est calme lui-même, et l'invitant par ses gestes à se retirer dans sa chambre pour se reposer. Fidès hésite, puis finit par obéir et se retire lentement.

SCENE VII.

JEAN, *seul, cessant de se contraindre et éclatant.*
O fureur! le ciel ne tonne pas
Sur ces têtes impies.
(On entend dans le fond le psaume des trois anabaptistes.

Answer! Thou shall deliver her to me,
Or thy mother shall immediately perish!
Shouldst thou not speak....
JOHN, *with a scream.*
My mother! Mercy! mercy!
OBERTHAL, *smiling.*
Ah! the means are good! See then....choose!
JOHN—Cruel man, take my life;
Shed every drop of my blood!
But my mother, so dear to me,
Spare her.
Cruel man! mercy! mercy!
BERTHE—I am still trembling with fear;
Come and snatch me from death,
Almighty God, whom I implore,
Come and screen me from their eyes.
OBERTHAL—Here thou canst do aught but weep.
And implore me as thou wouldst heaven;
Do what thy fear suggests,
And prevent the mortal decree.
Seeing that he hesitates. Well?
JOHN, *raising his head with rage.*
Let God be our Judge and decide between us;
May the horrid crime fall on thy head!

[Oberthal walks to the back of the Stage and beckons to his soldiers to come and bring Fides. Berthe, pale, and trembling, partly opens the curtain on the right. John advances one step towards her; but in the same time Fides who has been dragged to the back door falls on her knees and stretches her arms towards her son. Some soldiers raise their axes over her head. John turns round, sees her, screams, run to Berthe, and makes her pass before him, whilst the sergeant returns to the fore part of the Stage.

JOHN, *to Berthe, with dispair.*
Begone! begone!
Thou seest thou must. Begone.

[Oberthal receives in his arms Berthe, who is nearly fainting; his soldiers drag her away, and John faints a d falls. Fides, who is now free, walks, staggering, to the edge of the Stage, close to John who does not see her.]

SCENE VI.

JOHN, FIDES.

FIDES, *falling on her knees.*
Blessed be thou, this day, O my son!
Thy poor mother
To thee was dearer
Then Berthe and thy love;
O my son!
Thou hast given, alas! for thy mother
More than thy life, thy happiness.
O my son!
May my prayer be heard in heaven;
May'st thou be blessed in the Lord;

[John, who has recovered his senses, by degrees tries to quiet his mother, says that he himself is calm, and invites her, by signs, to withdraw into her room and take rest. Fides, hesitates at first, then obeys and retires slowly.

SCENE VII.

JOHN, *alone, ceasing to constrain himself.*
O rage! the thunder of heaven
Strike not those impious heads!
[The psalm of the Anabaptists is heard at a distance outside.]

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JEAN—Ah ! c'est Dieu qui m'entend, Dieu qui les envoie.
(Il va à la porte du fond, qu'il ouvre doucement.)

SCENE VIII.

JONAS, MATHISEN, ZACHARIE, JEAN.

JEAN, a *demi-voix*.
Entrez. Ma mère dort, entrez et parlez bas.
Dans mes rêves tantôt, lisant le rang suprême,
Ne m'avez-vous pas dit : suis-nous, tu règneras ?
TOUS LES TROIS.
Et nous t'offrons encore un diadême.
Sois roi, sois roi.
JEAN—Pourrai-je alors frapper mes ennemis ?
LES TROIS ANABAPTISTES.
A ta voix ils seront par nous anéantis.
JEAN—Et pourrai-je immoler Oberthal ?
TOUS TROIS.
Ce soir même.
JEAN—Que faut-il faire alors ? parlez et je vous suis.
QUATUOR.
ZACHARIE—Gémissant sous le joug et sous la tyrannie,
Nos frères d'Allemagne attendent le Messie
Qui doit briser leurs fers, prêts à se soulever
Au seul nom du prophète
Que Dieu leur a promis et que j'ai su trouver.
JEAN—Que dites-vous ?
JONAS—Le ciel dont je suis l'interprète,
Le ciel nous a lui-même, a des signes certains,
Révélé cet élu marqué par les destins.
TOUS LES TROIS, *avec force*.
Jean, Dieu t'appelle.
JONAS—Viens avec nous, mon frère.

ENSEMBLE.
JONAS, MATHISEN, ZACHARIE.
Oui, c'est Dieu qui t'appelle et t'éclaire,
A tes yeux a brillé sa lumière,
En tes mains il remet sa bannière.
Avec elle apparais dans nos rangs,
Et des grands cette foule si fière
Va par toi se réduire en poussière ;
Car le ciel t'a choisi sur la terre
Pour frapper et punir les tyrans.
JEAN—Oui, le Dieu qui m'appelle et m'éclaire
A souvent dans la nuit solitaire
A mes yeux fait briller sa lumière.
O mon Dieu ! j'obéis, je me rends.
Oui, j'irai sous ta bannière,
A ta voix, les réduire en poussière.
Car ton bras m'a choisi sur la terre
Pour frapper et punir les tyrans.
JONAS—Ne sais-tu pas qu'en France une chaste héroine
Qu'inspiraient, comme toi, de saintes visions,
Jeanne d'Arc... a sauvé son pays....
JEAN—Oui, marchons....
Tombe sur nos tyrans la vengeance divine !
ZACHARIE—Mais, envoyé du ciel, songe bien désormais
Que tout lien terrestre est brisé pour jamais,
Que tu ne verras plus ton foyer ni ta mère.
JEAN—Ma mère !
MATHISEN ET ZACHARIE.
Elle n'est plus pour toi qu'une étrangère.
JONAS—Partons ou renonçons, amis, à nos projets.
JEAN—Partir sans voir ma mère !

JOHN—Ah ! God heard my prayer and sent them.
[He goes to the back door and opens it slowly.]

SCENE VIII.

JONAS, MATHISEN, ZACHARIE, JOHN.

JOHN, *in a medium voice*.
Enter, my mother sleeps ; enter and speak low;
Did you not read to-day in my dream the supreme rank
And tell me : follow us, thou shalt be king.
ALL THREE.
And we again offer thee a diadem ;
Be king ! be king !
JOHN—Shall I then be able to strike my enemies ?
THE THREE ANABAPTISTS.
At thy voice they shall be annihilated.
JOHN—Shall I be able to immolate Oberthal ?
ALL THREE.
This very night.
JOHN—What must I do then ? Speak, I'll follow you.
QUARTETTE.
ZACHARIE—Groaning beneath the yoke of Tyranny,
Our German brethren wait the bless'd Messiah,
Who'll break their chains, they ready stand to rise
At the first whisper of the coming prophet,
Whom heaven has promis'd, and whom I think I've found.
JOHN—What say you ?
JONAS—Heaven, whose messenger I am—
High Heaven, to us, by certain signs,
Reveals the elect, ordain'd by destiny !
ALL THREE, *with energy*.
John ! God calls thee.
JONAS—Come with us, brother.
TOGETHER.
JONAS, MATHISEN, ZACHARIE.
Yes, 'tis Heaven that calls, and enlightens thee !
In thine eyes shine his brilliant holy light ;
'Tis in thy hands he places now his banner :
Upraising it, appear thou in our ranks ;
And the vain great, that throng so haughty,
Soon shall they be, by thee, reduced to ashes !
For Heaven has chosen thee upon the earth
To strike, and punish righteously the tyrants !
JOHN—Yes, Gracious Heaven calls and enlightens me,
Has often, in the solitary night,
Rais'd in my eyes His brilliant holy light.
Heaven, I obey thee—I resign myself !
Yes, I will march under Thy sacred banner—
At Thy voice they shall be reduc'd to ashes !
Thy arm has chosen me upon this earth
To strike, and punish righteously the tyrants !
JONAS—Know'st thou not that in France a stainless heroine,
Inspir'd as thou art with beatic visions,
Call'd Joan of Arc, her country saved ?
JOHN—Yes—March !
Fall on our ruthless tyrants ! vengeance divine !
ZACHARIE—But sent from Heaven. Remember well, henceforth
That every earthly tie is broke forever,
That thou'lt n'er see again thy home nor mother
JOHN—My mother !

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JONAS, MATHISEN, ZACHARIE.
Il le faut, Dieu le veut.
JEAN—Ah ! pour grâce dernière,
Avant de m'éloigner que je la voie encore !
[S'approchant de la porte à droite.]
Du silence.... elle dort
[Il avance la tête et écoute.]
Et pendant son sommeil, murmure une prière.
[Ecoutant plus attentivement.]
C'est pour moi qu'elle prie.
[Ecoutant et répétant a mesure les paroles.]
Dieu veillez sur mon enfant ....
Et son enfant la fuit et la délaisse ....
Non... partez sans moi, je reste à sa vieillesse ;
Ma mère est le seul bien qui me reste à présent.
TOUS TROIS, *à demi-voix.*
Et la vengeance,
Et l'espérance
De voir tomber nos oppresseurs !
JEAN, *regardant toujours à droite avec douleur et regret.*
Ma Mère !
TOUS TROIS, *de même.*
Et la couronne
Que le ciel donne
A ses élus, a ses vengeurs !
JEAN, *de même,*
Ma mere !
TOUS TROIS.
O sainte extase
Qui nous embrase,
Viens le guider dans les combats.
Viens, Dieu t'appelle,
Soldat fidèle,
Cours à sa voix
Et suis nos pas.
JEAN, *aux trois anabaptistes.*
Un seul.... un seul instant, de grâce !
TOUS TROIS.
Voici l'heure.... viens. suis nos pas.
JEAN—Prêt a partir, qu'au moins son fils l'embrasse !
[Il fait un pas dans la chambre et revient vivement.]
Non, si je l'embrassais je ne partirais pas.
Adieu tout mon bonheur !
TOUS TROIS, *a demi-voix et l'entraînant.*
Et la vengeance,
Et l'esperance
De voir tomber nos oppresseurs !
JEAN, *entraîné par eux et tendant les bras vers la chambre à droite, et à demi-voix.*
Ma mère !
TOUS TROIS, *l'entraînant toujours.*
Et la couronne
Que le ciel donne
A ses élus, a ses vengeurs.
JEAN, *de même.*
Ma mère !
ENSEMBLE.
JONAS, MATHISEN, ZACHARIE.
O sainte extase
Qui nous embrase
Viens le guider dans les combats !
Oui, Dieu t'appelle,
Soldat fidèle,
Entends sa voix et suis nos pas,
Viens, suis nos pas.

MATHISEN AND ZACHARIE.
To thee will be no more but as a stranger !
JONAS—Let's onward, or at once renounce our projects.
JOHN—Depart without seeing first my mother
JONAS, MATHISEN, ZACHARIE.
It must be so—Heaven wills it !
JOHN—One last favor
Before I go : let me once more behold her !
[Going to the door on the right.]
From the deep silence all around, she sleeps !
[He bends his head and listens.]
Ah, in her sleep she's murmuring a prayer !
[Listening more earnestly.]
It is for me she prays !
[Listening, and slowly repeating her words.]
O God ! take care of my child ;
And her child leaves and abandons her !
No no .. depart without me—I remain with her
My mother is now the only fortune left me.
ALL THREE. *in a medium voice.*
And our vengeance ! ! !
And our hope
To see our oppressors fall :
JOHN, *still looking on the right, with evident grief.*
My mother !
ALL THREE. *with an enthusiastic tone.*
And the crowl
Which heaven gives
To its elect ! to its avengers !
JOHN *in the same tone.*
My mother !
ALL THREE.
O holy ecstasy
Which burns our hearts,
Come and be his guide in the combat ;
Come ! God calls thee,
Faithful soldier !
Answer his call—
Come, follow us.
JOHN, *to the three Anabaptists.*
A single moment...by favor?
ALL THREE.
The moment approaches...come, follow us !
JOHN—Before departing, let her son embrace her !
[He makes one step inside the room and comes back quickly.
No ! if I embrace her, I will not depart.
Adieu, my happiness !
ALL THREE, *in a medium voice, and dragging him.*
And our vengeance ! ! !
And the hope
To see our oppressors fall !
JOHN, *dragged by them, and stretching his arms towards the room on the right, says in a medium voice.*
My mother !
ALL THREE, *dragging him.*
And the crown
Which heaven gives
To its elect, to its avengers !
JOHN, *alike.*
My mother !
TOGETHER.
JONAS, MATHISEN, ZACHARIE.
O holy ecstasy !
Which burns our hearts,
Come and be his guide in the combat.
Aye, God calls thee,
Faithful soldier ;

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THE PROPHET.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The inn of John, in the suburbs of Leyden; at the back of the stage there are a door and a window, whence is displayed a large tract of fields; other doors both on the right and the left. John enters through the door on the left with cans of wine, which he places on the tables, whilst peasants are entering through a door at the back of the stage dancing; others are sitting down and singing.

errayed in princely garments, in a large cathedral. Thus the three Anabaptists, who chanced to enter the inn, after they had been obliged to make a hurried exit from Count Oberthal's dominions, found him. It so happened, that these fanatics on beholding John were struck by his resemblance to a picture of David, in the cathedral at Munster. They had long been wanting somebody fit to be set up as a prophet, a special messenger sent from above, in order to get a better hold on the heart of the masses. They sounded the innkeeper. After John had told his remarkable dream, they became fully convinced that he was the man they wanted; but John, just now full of his approaching marriage, paid little heed to the hints which were archly thrown out by the Anabaptists, and suffered them to depart. They were hardly out of sight when Bertha, as a fugitive from Oberthal's guards, appeared before her lover. He secreted her quickly; for a moment later her pursuers, Fides as a prisoner in their midst, crossed the threshold. The soldiery who were commissioned to conduct the two women to Munster, knew full well how highly the young girl was prized by the Count, their master, and were not to be baffled by the obstinacy of John, who denied all knowledge of the fugitive. They threatened to put Fides to death unless he gave her up. In the struggle which ensued in John's breast, filial love prevailed triumphant; he bought his mother's life at the price of his betrothed. The unhappy vassal was hurried off, and mother and son left alone.

Here occurs in the Opera the justly celebrated Song of Fides, beginning in the French original text: *Ah mon fils!* in which Fides blesses her son for this self-sacrifice.

When Fides had left her son to his own bitter thoughts, the ominous Choral of the Trio of Anabaptists was heard without. A thought struck John. Here was the means of vengeance within his grasp. He was quickly resolved, and called the men in. The contract was made and they fled together, leaving behind some of John's garments, stained with blood, which should tell the tale of his death by assassins to his mother.

The crafty scheme of the Anabaptists proved successful. John was accepted and implicitly believed in as "the Prophet," a supernatural being, not born of earthly parents. There was no break in the chain of his successes. At last the city of Munster, a mighty stronghold, was surrounded by the rebels. By this time the

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JEAN, *que l'on entraîne.*
Adieu ma mère
Et ma chaumière,
Je ne dois plus vous voir, hélas !
O mon village,
O douce image,
Oui, dans mon cœur tu resteras.
[Ils entraînent Jean ; la scène reste vide un instant. Puis Jean, pâle, essoufflé, rentre en courant jusqu'à la porte de sa mère, où il s'arrête tout-à-coup.
JEAN—Non, non, si je l'embrassais
Je ne partirais pas.... adieu, adieu.
[Les anabaptistes rentrent ; ils entraînent Jean.]
Le rideau tombe.
FIN DU 2ME ACTE.

ACTE TROISIEME.

LE CAMP DES ANABAPTISTES dans une forêt de la Westphalie.—En face du spectateur, un étang glacé qui s'étend à l'horizon et se perd dans le brouillard et dans les nuages.—A droite et à gauche, une antique forêt, dont les arbres bordent un côté de l'étang.—De l'autre côté de l'étang, les tentes des Anabaptistes.— Le jour est sur son déclin. On entend dans le lointain un bruit de combat, qui augmente et se rapproche.—Des soldats anabaptistes se précipitent sur le théâtre par la droite ; des femmes et des enfants, sortant du camp, accourent à leur rencontre, au moment où un autre groupe de soldats entre par la gauche, traînant, enchaînés, plusieurs prisonniers, hommes et femmes, richement vêtus, hauts barons et dames châtelaines des environs ; un moine, des enfants, etc.

SCENE I.

CHŒUR DES ANABAPTISTES ET SOLDATS.

MATHISEN ET LE CHŒUR, *montrant les prisonniers.*

CHŒUR.

Du sang—que Judas succombe,
Du sang—dansons sur leur tombe,
Du sang—voilà l'hécatombe
Que Dieu vous demande encor.
Frappez l'épi dès qu'il s'élève,
Frappez le chêne dans sa sève,
Car Dieu l'a dit. Dieu veut la mort.

TOUS.

[Levant leurs bras au ciel.]
Gloire au Dieu des élus,
Te Deum laudamus !
MATHISEN—Et les méchants couvraient la terre,
Et leurs forfaits sont expiés,
Et le prophète, en sa colère,
Les renversa tous sous nos pieds.

CHŒUR.

Du sang—que Judas succombe,
Du sang—dansons sur leur tombe, etc.
[Les femmes et les enfants dansent autour des prisonniers, qu'on a amenés au milieu du théâtre, et qui tombent à genoux.—Les haches sont levées sur leurs têtes.

Answer his call and follow us.
Come ! follow us.
JOHN, *carried away forcibly.*
Adieu, mother,
Adieu, cottage ;
Alas ! I'll n'er see ye again.
O my village !
Thy sweet image
In my heart will ever remain.
[They carry John away. The stage remains empty for a moment; then enter John running; he is pale, and out of breath, and stops suddenly at the door of his mother's room.]
JOHN—No, no ! If I embrace her,
I will not depart...Adieu ! Adieu !
[The Anabaptists hurry John off.]
The Curtain falls.

END OF 2ND ACT.

THIRD ACT.

THE CAMP OF THE ANABAPTISTS in a Forest of Westphalia—Opposite to the spectators is a frozen Lake, which seems to extend itself in the distance, until it is apparently lost in the clouds ; on the right and on the left, an aged forest, the trees of which border one side of the Lake ; on the other side is the Tent of the Anabaptists—Day is declining,—At a distance is heard the sound of fighting, which increases and approaches nearer. Anabaptist Soldiers hastily enter from the right. Women and children, quitting the Camp, come running on to receive them at the moment that another group of Soldiers enters by the left dragging on, in chains, many Prisoners, Men and Women, richly habited ; Barons and Ladies, Castellans of the domains in the environs ; a Monk, Children, &c.

SCENE I.

CHORUS OF THE ANABAPTISTS AND SOLDIERS.

MATHISEN AND CHORUS (*Pointing to the Prisoners.*)

CHORUS.

The impure race—blood of Judas, yield !
Vile race ! let's dance upon the traitor's tomb,
Vile race ! of whom behold a hecatomb !
Their blood, Heaven will of you in turn demand.
Strike down the blade of corn while it is rising !
Strike down the oak, rejoicing in its sap !
Let them all fall'neath our avenging swords !
For Heaven has will'd; their fate has sealed their death !

ALL.

[Raising their arms to heaven.]
Glory to the Most High of the elect !
[Te Deum laudamus !
MATHISEN—The wicked ones that overspread the earth,
Will of their crimes an expiation make !
The Prophet, in his anger terrible,
O'verthrows them all' neath our avenging feet !

CHORUS.

The impure race—the blood of Judas, yield !
Vile race ! let's dance upon the traitors' tomb ! &c.
[Women and children dance around the Prisoners, whom they conduct to the middle of the Stage, where they fall upon their knees.—Swords are raised over their heads.

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SCENE II.

Les précédents, MATHISEN.

MATHISEN, *Se plaçant devant les prisonniers et s'adressant aux soldats.*
Arrêtez.

UN DES CHEFS ANABAPTISTES, à *Mathisen.*
Quoi ! ton cœur connaît la pitié ?

MATHISEN—Non ;
Mais ces nobles seigneurs peuvent payer rançon :
Qu'on les épargne.

LES ANABAPTISTES.
Il a raison.

[On emmène les prisonniers vers le camp, qui est à gauche.—En ce moment, on entend, vers la droite, une marche brillante ; c'est Zacharie, revenant du combat avec un groupe d'anabaptistes.

SCENE III.

Les précédents, ZACHARIE, peuple.

SOLO DE ZACHARIE.

PREMIER COUPLET.

Aussi nombreux que les étoiles
Ou bien que les flots furieux de la mer,
Comme un chasseur qui tend ses toiles
Contre les aigles du désert,
Vers nos phalanges immortelles
Les mécréans furent poussés.
Où donc sont-ils, ces guerriers si braves ?
Où donc ? où donc ?
Comme le sable du désert,
Tous dispersés, dispersés, (bis)
Tous !....

CHŒUR.

Comme le sable, etc.

DEUXIEME COUPLET.

Couvrant les monts, couvrant les plaines,
Leurs chars qu'on voyait défiler,
Pour nous lier traînant des chaînes,
Des roseaux pour nous flageller.
Pour nous punir, pauvres esclaves,
Ces vaillants guerriers sont venus :
Où donc sont-ils ?
Comme le sable, etc.

CHŒUR.

Comme le sable, etc.

[A la fin de ce couplet, les soldats anabaptistes sortent.]

MATHISEN, *prenant Zacharie à part.*
Voici la fin du jour. Nos fidèles soldats
Depuis l'aurore ont combattu....

ZACHARIE—Pour la gloire....

MATHISEN—Aux estomacs à jeun elle ne suffit pas

ZACHARIE—Voici venir pour eux les fruits de la victoire.
Sur cet étang glacé, de tous les environs,
De nombreux pourvoyeurs, le front haut,
Le pied leste, accourent vers le camp.

MATHISEN—C'est la manne céleste
Qui vient reconforter nos pieux bataillons.

SCENE DES PATINEURS.

On voit dans le fond du théâtre, défiler, sur l'étang glacé, des traînaux attelés de chevaux ; des petites voitures à quatre roues chargées de provisions ; la fermière est assise sur la banquette de devant, et un homme debout derrière elle pousse le traîneau. Des hommes, des femmes et des enfants, portant sur leur tête des paniers ou des pots de lait, sillonnent l'étang glacé dans tous les sens et abordent auprès du camp.

SCENE II.

THE PRECEDING : MATHISEN.

MATHISEN, *placing himself before the prisoners and adressing the soldiers.*
Stay ! stay !

[One of the chief Anabaptists to Mathisen.]
Can, then, thy heart know pity ?

MATHISEN—No !
These noble lords can pay a fitting ransom !
Let them be spared !

ANABAPTISTS.
Mathisen's right ! Mathisen's right !

[They carry off the Prisoners to the Camp, which is on the left. At this moment is heard, towards the right, a brilliant March : it is Zacharie, returning from battle with a group of Anabaptists.

SCENE III.

THE PRECEDING : ZACHARIE, PEOPLE.

ZACHARIE'S SOLO.

FIRST COUPLET.

As numerous as the stars on high
Or as the waves, of the wide rolling main ;
Or as the fowlers who, their nets still ply
Againsts the eagles on the desert plain;
Towards our ranks immortal, bless'd,
The heathen came with furious head !
Where are they now, the false ones that oppress'd
Where are they now ?
Like the sands in the desert
Dispers'd they have flown ; dispers'd
All !....

CHORUS.

Like the sands, &c.

SECOND COUPLET.

Covering the hills, and covering the plains,
Their chariots, seen defiling from afar,
To bind our martyr limbs with heavy chains,
And scourges, to inflict the torturing scar ;
To punish the poor miserable slave,
These valiant warriors came, with furious roar;
Where are they now ? these warriors so brave;
Where are the mighty now ? They are no more.

CHORUS.

Like the sands, &c.

[At the end of the above couplet the Anabaptist soldiers retire.]

MATHISEN, *talcing Zacharie aside.*
The day is at an end ! Our faithful soldiers
Since the dawn have all been fighting !....

ZACHARIE—For glory.

MATHISEN—For empty stomachs it does not suffice.

ZACHARIE—Here come for them the fruits of victory,
On this frozen pond, from the environ
Numerous purveyors, with nimble feet,
Hasten to the camp.

MATHISEN—'Tis the heavenly manna
Which will cheer up our pious batallions.

SCENE OF THE SKATERS.

[At the back of the Stage are seen sledges drawn by horses, defiling upon the frozen ice, and small carriages, with four wheels, are filled with provisions ; the Farmers' wives are seated on cushion in the front ; and men on foot behind push on the sledges. Men, women and children, carrying on their heads, baskets or jugs of milk, slide over the frozen Lake, till they arrive at the camp on its borders.]

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5 Prizes of	10,000	are	50,000
10 Prizes of	5,000	are	50,000
25 Prizes of	2,000	are	50,000
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The Louisiana Legislature, which adjourned July 10th, voted by two-thirds majority in each House, to let the people decide at an election, whether the Lottery shall continue from 1895 until 1919. The general impression is that **PEOPLE WILL FAVOR CONTINUANCE.**

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ZACHARIE, *prenant à part Mathisen.*
Et toi pendant ce temps....
[Il lui parle bas et lui remet un papier cacheté.]
Va.... tu m'entends!
[Mathisen sort par la droite.]

CHŒUR DES ANABAPTISTES.
Voici les laitières,
Lestes et légères,
Sur leurs têtes fières,
Portant leurs fardeaux ;
Leurs pieds avec grâce
Effleurant la glace,
Sans laisser de trace
Glissent sur les flots.

CHŒUR DES PAYSANS ET DES PAYSANNES.
Achetez, achetez !
Pour vous nous quittons nos cabanes,
Pour vous servir nous venons en ce lieu,
Achetez, achetez !.. loin de nous les profanes !
Nous ne vendons qu'aux soldats du vrai Dieu.

CHŒUR DES ANABAPTISTES.
Voici les fermières, etc.

Les anabaptistes courent recevoir les provisions qu'on leur apporte, offrent en échange aux pourvoyeurs et aux jeunes filles des étoffes précieuses, des vases de prix entassés dans le camp. Les jeunes filles, qui ont défait leurs patins, se mettent à valser, pendant que les soldats anabaptistes, qui se sont assis, boivent et mangent, servis par leurs femmes et leurs enfants.

DIVERTISSEMENT.

La nuit commence à descendre sur la forêt ; les paysans et paysannes ont repris leurs patins, et on les voit au loin disparaître sur l'étang glacé.

ZACHARIE, *aux anabaptistes.*
Livrez-vous au repos, frères, voici la nuit.
[Les anabaptistes s'éloignent. On place des sentinelles ; des patrouilles partent pour voler autour du camp.]

Le Théâtre change.

2ME TABLEAU.

LA TENTE DE ZACHARIE.

SCENE IV.

ZACHARIE, MATHISEN, *entrant ensemble par l'ouverture que les rideaux relevés forment au fond de la tente.*

ZACHARIE, *allant à lui.*
Ainsi que je l'avais prescrit,
Tu reviens de Munster....
MATHISEN—J'ai sommé de se rendre
Son gouverneur, le vieil Oberthal.
ZACHARIE—Qu'a-t-il dit ?
MATHISEN—Le château de son fils, par nous réduit en cendre,
L'a rendu furieux ; il ne veut rien entendre.
L'impie !....
ZACHARIE—Il a beau faire, il cèdera bientôt.
MATHISEN—Oui, mais en attendant, si Munster nous résiste,
C'en est fait, dès demain, du dogme anabaptiste ;
Car l'empereur accourt.
ZACHARIE—Il faut donner l'assaut.
Prends trois cents de nos gens, saisissons l'avantage
De la nuit....
MATHISEN, *hésitant.*
Mais pourtant....

ZACHARIE, *taking Mathisen aside.*
And you, during this time !
[He speaks low and, gives him a sealed paper.]
Away ! you understand me.
Exit Mathisen at the right.

CHORUS OF ANABAPTISTS.
Behold the milk-maidens,
Neat, light, void of care ;
Upon their heads, proudly,
Their pails, see they bear :
With footsteps of grace
Do they o'er ice skim ;
Without leaving a trace,
They slide on the stream.

CHORUS OF MALE AND FEMALE PEASANTS.
Purchase ! purchase !
For you our homes unbless'd remain,
We seek these scenes to succor you,
Buy ! buy !—away with the profane !
We sell but to the soldier true !

CHORUS OF ANABAPTISTS.
Behold the farm-maidens, &c.

[The Anabaptists run to receive the provisions which are brought them, and offer in exchange to the purveyors and their young daughters, precious stuffs, vases of value, heaped up in the camp.—The young girls, who have taken off their skates, begin waltzing ; whilst the Anabaptist soldiers, who are seated, eat and drink, waited on by their wives and children.

DIVERTISSEMENT.

[Night begins to overshadow the forest—male and female peasants, who have resumed their skates are seen gliding about, till they disappear in the distance on the frozen Lake.]
ZACHARIE, *to the Anabaptists.*
Night is coming, brethren, take some rest.
[The Anabaptists depart. Sentries are at their posts, and patrols begin to walk around the camp.]

SCENE CHANGES.

SECOND TABLEAU.
ZACHARIE'S TENT.

SCENE IV.

ZACHARIE, MATHISEN, *entering together through an opening formed by the curtains, which are raised in the back part of the Tent.*

ZACHARIE, *stepping towards him.*
As I had foretold,
Thou comest from Munster !
MATHISEN—I summoned its Governor,
Old Oberthal, to surrender.
ZACHARIE—What did he say ?
MATHISEN— Our burning the castle of his son,
Has made him mad ; he refuses to listen to us ;
The impious wretch !
ZACHARIE—'Tis a vain boast ; he'll soon yield.
MATHISEN—Aye ! but should Munster resist till to-morrow,
'Tis all over with our dogmas, for
The emperor is coming !
ZACHARIE—The city must be stormed !
Take three hundred men ; and let us take advantage
Of the night.
MATHISEN, *hesitating.*
But !....

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ZACHARIE—C'est l'arrêt du Très-Haut.
C'est l'ordre du prophète. Enflamme leur courage,
Promets-leur, en son nom, la gloire et le pillage.
(Mathisen sort.)

SCENE V.

ZACHARIE, *regardant du côté où est la tente du prophète.*
Idole populaire, utile à nos desseins,
Et qu'après le succès renverseront nos mains,
J'ignore quel projet, quel remords le tourmente ;
Mais Jean, depuis hier retiré sous sa tente,
Refuse de paraître.... Qui marche là ?
Qui vive ?

SCENE VI.

ZACHARIE, JONAS *et plusieurs soldats se présentent à l'entrée de la tente, amenant Oberthal.*
JONAS, *s'adressant à Zacharie.*
Un voyageur errant,
Que nous avons surpris aux environs du camp.
OBERTHAL, *avec embarras.*
Egaré dans la nuit et dans ce bois immense....
JONAS—Il venait, a-t-il dit, se joindre à nous.
ZACHARIE—Avance.
Est-ce vrai qu'en nos rangs tu venais t'engager ?
OBERTHAL, à *part.*
Laissons-lui son erreur, seul moyen, je le pense,
De pénétrer plus tard à Munster sans danger.
TRIO—*bouffe*
OBERTHAL—Sous votre bannière
Que faut-il faire ?
Je veux le savoir !
JONAS ET ZACHARIE.
Tu veux le savoir ?
Puisque tu persistes,
Des anabaptistes
Voici le devoir :
[Jonas va chercher au fond de la tente un broc et des verres qu'il place sur la table.]
ZACHARIE—Le paysan et sa cabane
En tous temps tu respecteras.
OBERTHAL—Je le jure.
ZACHARIE—Abaye ou couvent profane
Par le feu tu purifieras.
OBERTHAL—Je le jure.
JONAS—Ou baron, ou marquis ou comte,
Au premier chêne tu pendras.
OBERTHAL—Je le jure.
ZACHARIE—Toujours et quelque soit leur compte,
Leurs beaux écus d'or tu prendras.
OBERTHAL—Je le jure.
JONAS—Du reste, en bon chrétien, mon frère,
Saintement toujours tu vivras.
ZACHARIE ET JONAS, *allant à la table et versant du vin dans trois verres.*
Versez, versez, frères,
Le doux choc des verres
Fait les cœurs sincères
Et les vrais amis.
A part.
Prudence et mystère...
Est-il bien sincère ?
Si par un faux frère
Nous étions trahis !
OBERTHAL, à *part.*
Infâme repaire !
Race sanguinaire,
Au ciel et sur terre
Soyez tous maudits !

ZACHARIE—'Tis the will of God,
And the prophet's command. Rouse their courage !
Promise them in his name glory and pillage.
[*Exit Mathisen*

SCENE V.

ZACHARIE—*looking towards the Prophet's Tent.*
Popular idol ! aiding our designs
But whom, accomplish'd, we will overthrow.
I do not know what project, what remorse, torments him;
But since yesterday, John retired under his tent
Refuses to appear....Who goes there ?
Who goes there ?....

SCENE VI.

ZACHARIE, JONAS, and SEVERAL SOLDIERS *come before the tent, bringing Oberthal.*
JONAS, *to Zacharie.*
A wandering traveler
Whom we surprised near the camp.
OBERTHAL, *confused.*
Lost during the night in that immense forest.
JONAS—He says he was coming to join us.
ZACHARIE—Come forward ;
Wast thou truly coming to enlist in our ranks ?
OBERTHAL, *aside.*
Let him believe so. 'Tis the only means
To get into Munster without danger.
TRIO—*Buffo.*
OBERTHAL—Under your banner,
What is to be done ?
I must know it.
JONAS AND ZACHARIE—
Wi l'st thou know it ?
Since thou persistest,
Listen ! Of the Anabaptists,
Such is the duty:
[Jonas goes to the back part of the Tent and brings a jug and glasses, which he lays on the table.]
ZACHARIE—Thou shalt always respect
The peasant and his cottage.
OBERTHAL—I swear I will !
ZACHARIE—Thou shalt purify by fire
All profane abbeys and convents.
OBERTHAL—I swear I will.
JONAS—Marquis, Counts and Barons
Thou shalt hang on the first tree
OBERTHAL—I swear I will.
ZACHARIE—All their silver and gold coin,
Thou shalt always take and retain.
OBERTHAL—I swear I will.
JONAS—And, brother, as a good Christian,
Thou shalt always piously live.
ZACHARIE AND JONAS, *going to the table and pouring wine into three glasses.*
Pour, brethren, pour !
The touching of glasses
Makes hearts sincere,
And friends devoted.
Aside.
Prudence and mystery...
Is he sincere ?
If we were betrayed
By a vile traitor !
OBERTHAL, *Aside.*
Infamous den !
Blood-thirsty demons !
In heaven and on hearth,
Be ye all accursed !

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.....that songs of love..... and hope..... should a -

ter, mon- ter de tous les cœurs; Le ciel..... est si bleu sur Flo -
rise,..... from all..... hearts; The heavens are so blue above Flo -

rall. *tempo.* *Piu Lento.*

ren - ce q'un chant d'a-mour.... et d'es - pé - ran - ce De-vrait mon-
rence..... that songs of love..... and hope..... should a -

rall.

rall.

ter de tous les cœurs.....
rise from all..... hearts.....

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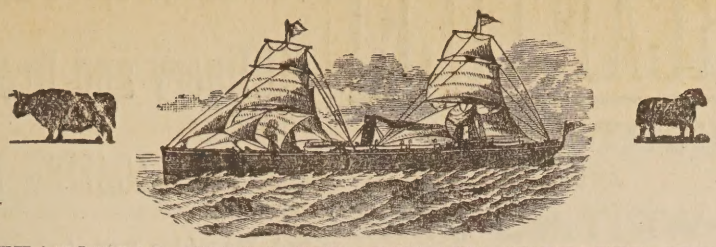

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mé - e..... *Ou le prin-temps met sa splen -*
fo - liage,..... All aglow with the light of

deur..... *A L'om - bre de ta re - nom -*
Spring..... In the rays of your glo - ry,...

mé - - e *Une au - - tre ca - che -*
..... An - oth - - er woman will live...

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Aux anabaptistes.
J'y consens, mon frère,
Oui, le ciel m'éclaire :
Sous votre bannière
Je dois être admis.
JONAS—Pour prendre Munster l'invincible,
Avec nous à l'instant tu marcheras !
OBERTHAL—J'irai !
JONAS—Et son gouverneur si terrible....
OBERTHAL—Qui ?
ZACHARIE—Le vieil Oberthal !
OBERTHAL, *à part.*
Mon père !....
JONAS, *lui servant à boire.*
Massacré !
OBERTHAL, *à part.*
Juste ciel !....
JONAS—Et son fils, si nous pouvons le prendre,
Aux crénaux des remparts par nous sera pendu.
Tu le jures ?....
OBERTHAL, *avec indignation.*
Qui ?.... moi ?....
ZACHARIE, *avec colère.*
Par la Bible, veux-tu ?....
Jure avec nous de le pendre !....
OBERTHAL—Je le jure.
JONAS ET ZACHARIE.
C'est bien.... c'est entendu.

REPRISE DE L'ENSEMBLE.
Versez, &c.
JONAS—[Tirant de sa poche un briquet qu'il se met à battre.]
La flamme scintille,
Et, grâce à ce fer,
Du caillou pétille
Et jaillit l'éclair.
[Il allume une lampe qui est sur la table—Jour.]
O douce rencontre
Qui sans doute ici
L'un à l'autre montre
Les traits d'un ami.
[A la lueur de la lampe qui vient de s'allumer, tous trois se reconnaissent.]
ZACHARIE—O ciel !
JONAS—C'est lui !
OBERTHAL, *à part.*
Brigand !
ZACHARIE—Oberthal !
JONAS—Cet infâme !
OBERTHAL—Mon sommeiller, fils de Satan !
JONAS—Mon ancien maître, mon tyran !
OBERTHAL—Vous que tous deux l'enfer réclame !
ZACHARIE—Toi qui fis couler notre sang !

ENSEMBLE.
JONAS ET ZACHARIE.
Le ciel nous éclaire,
Réjouis-toi, frère,
A notre bannière
Que tu vois d'ici,
Tu seras, j'espère,
Pendu par un frère
Et par un ami !
OBERTHAL—O Dieu tutélaire !
Ta juste colère
Châtiera, j'espère,
De pareils bandits.
Infâme repaire,
Au ciel et sur terre
Soyez tous maudits !

To the Anabaptists.
'Tis agreed, brother.
Aye, Heaven enlightens me ;
Under your banner
I must be admitted.
JONAS—To take Munster, th'invincible,
With us thou shalt march forthwith.
OBERTHAL—I will !
JONAS—And its governor, so terrible...
OBERTHAL—Who ?
ZACHARIE—Old Oberthal.
OBERTHAL—*Aside.*
My Father !
JONAS—*filling his glass.*
Slaughtered !
OBERTHAL—*Aside.*
Just Heaven !
JONAS—And his son, if we can take him, over the battlements of the walls shall be hung.
Do'st thou swear ?
OBERTHAL, *indignantly.*
What !
ZACHARIE—*Angrily.*
On the Bible will'st thou
Swear with us to hang him ?
OBERTHAL—I swear !
JONAS AND ZACHARIE—
Well ! 'tis agreed.
Pour, brethren, pour, &c.
JONAS—*drawing from his pocket a flint and steel, strikes a light.*
The blaze sparkles,
And thanks to this steel;
A lightning bright
Issues from the flint.
[He lights a lamp, which is on the table—Light]
Pleasant meeting
Whereat, no doubt,
Each of us will
See but friendly faces.
[As soon as the lamp is lit, they all recognize each other.]
ZACHARIE—Heaven !
JONAS—'Tis he !
OAERTHAL, *Aside.*
Scoundrel !
ZACHARIE—Oberthal !
JONAS—That wretch !
OBERTHAL—My butler, the son of Satan.
JONAS—My former master; my tyrant !
OBERTHAL—You both ! whom Hell claims.
ZACHARIE—Thou who did'st shed our blood !

TOGETHER.
JONAS AND ZACHARIE—
Heaven enlightens us !
Rejoice, brother,
Under our banner
Which hence thou sest.
Happy destiny !
Thou shalt, I hope,
Be hung by a friend
And by a brother.
OBERTHAL—Tutelary God,
Thy just anger
Will punish, I hope,
All these banditti ;
Infamous dens !
Blood-thirsty demons !
In heaven and on earth,
Be ye all accursed !

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Les soldats qui étaient en sentinelle à la porte de la tente sont accourus au bruit et entraînent Oberthal.

ZACHARIE, *à Jonas.*
Qu'on le mène au supplice.
Réfléchissant.
Ah ! qu'un moine l'escorte.
JONAS—Sans consulter le proppète?....
ZACHARIE, *avec impatience.*
Il n'importe.
[Apercevant Jean qui entre dans la tente.]
C'est lui !.... va-t'en.
(Jonas sort ; Jean entre, l'air pensif.)

SCENE VII.

ZACHARIE, JEAN.

ZACHARIE, *s'approchant de Jean.*
Quel air pensif et soucieux,
Quand le guerrier prophète, inspiré par les cieux,
Apparaît dans sa gloire à l'Allemagne entière,
Comme l'ange vengeur que la France révère !..
JEAN—Jeanne d'Arc sur ses pas fit naître des héros,
Et je n'ai sur les miens traîné que des bourreaux.
Je n'irai pas plus loin.
ZACHARIE—Qu'oses-tu dire?
Que je veux voir ma mère....
ZACHARIE—Ou plutôt son trépas ;
Car si tu la revois, ne t'en souvient-il pas,
Dans l'intérêt du ciel, à l'instant elle expire.
JEAN, *jetant son épée.*
Pour m'immoler d'abord, reprenez donc ce fer ;
Je vous le rends, adieu ! L'Allemagne enchaînée
Est libre par mon bras ; ma tâche est terminée.
Je n'irai pas plus loin,
ZACHARIE, *derrière lui, à part et portant la main à son poignard.*
Par l'enfer, par la mort !...

SCENE VIII.

Oberthal, la tête baissée, conduit par Jonas et des soldats, traverse le théâtre au fond, en dehors de la tente. Le moine qui a paru à la première scène est à côté d'Oberthal et l'exhorte ; à ses côtés deux soldats portent des torches.

JEAN, *se retournant.*
Où va ce prisonnier?
JONAS—A la mort.
ZACHARIE, *aux soldats.*
Qu'il vous suive.
JEAN, *avec fierté.*
Qui peut dire : Il mourra, si moi je dis ; Qu'il vive?....
Je lui fais grâce !....
(Reconnaissant à la lueur des torches Oberthal, qui entre dans la tente, il recule avec horreur.
Oberthal !
ZACHARIE, *avec ironie.*
Ton courroux
Lui fait-il grâce encor ?
JEAN—Laisse-nous, laisse-nous !
(Zacharie et Jonas sortent.)

SCENE IX.

JEAN, OBERTHAL, Soldats, *au fond du théâtre, en dehors de la tente.*
JEAN, *à part, regardant Oberthal—à Oberthal.*
Le ciel à moi te livre.

[The sentries, who keep watch before the tent's door, hearing the noise, rush in and drag Oberthal off.]

ZACHARIE—*to Jonas.*
Send him to death.
[Reflecting.]
Ah, let a monk attend him.
JONAS—Without the prophet's knowledge.
ZACHARIE, *impatiently.*
That is no matter.
Seeing John, who enters the tent.
'Tis he!....away.
[Exit Jonas, John enters thoughtful.

SCENE VII.

ZACHARIE, JOHN.

ZACHARIE, *approaching John.*
How gloomy and thoughtful,
When the warrior-prophet, by heaven
In all his glory spread to Germany appears,
Like the avenger whom France reveres.
JOHN—By noble heroes Joan of Arc was followed,
While banditti only walk in my footsteps;
I will not go further.
ZACHARIE—What darest thou to say ?
JOHN—That I must see my mother.
ZACHARIE—Say, her death
For, seen again by thee, doest not remember
She for Heaven's interest that instant dies.
JOHN, *throwing down his sword.*
To immolate me first, retake this sword.
Which I give back. Adieu, enslav'd Germany
My arm has freed—my mission now has ended,
I will no further go !
ZACHARIE—*behing him, aside, holding in his hands a dagger.*
By Satan and by hell !

SCENE VIII.

OBERTHAL, *his head bent, conducted by* JONAS *and Soldiers, crosses the Stage at the back, outside the Tent—The Monk who appeared in the first Scene is by his side, exhorting him—Two Soldiers accompanying, carrying torches.*

JOHN—Where goes that prisoner ?
JONAS—To death.
ZACHARIE—*to the soldiers:*
Let him follow thee.
JOHN—Who can say: He shall die ! If I say:
Let him live !
I pardon him !
[As Oberthal enters the tent, John recognizes him, and shrinks with horror, saying :]
Oberthal !
ZACHARIE, *ironically.*
Your vengence;
Do you still pardon him ?
JOHN—Peace, Leave us; leave us !
[Exit Zacharie and Jonas.

SCENE IX.

JOHN, OBERTHAL, Soldiers, *in the back part of the stage, on the outside of the tent.*
JOHN, *aside, looking at Oberthal.*
To Oberthal :
Heaven delivers thee up to me.

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OBERTHAL—Il est juste.... mon crime
A mérité la mort. Du haut de mes crénaux,
Berthe, pure et chaste victime,
Pour sauver son honneur, s'élança dans les flots.
JEAN, *avec fureur.*
Morte ! Morte !....
OBERTHAL—Non.. Non.. elle est sauvée.
JEAN, *vivement.*
Et comment? parle.
OBERTHAL—Hier,
Un de mes gens prétend l'avoir vue à Munster.
JEAN, *avec force.*
A Munster !
OBERTHAL—J'allais implorer d'elle
Et du ciel mon pardon ; en tes mains me voilà.
J'ai tout dit, frappe !
JEAN, *aux soldats qui s'avancent la hache levée.*
Epargnez l'infidèle !
(A part.) Berthe sur lui prononcera.
(Les soldats emmènent Oberthal.)

SCENE X.

JEAN, *seul.*
Remparts que ma pitié n'osait réduire en cendre,
Vous qui me cachez Berthe, il faudra me la rendre !
Et vous, à qui je dois sa vie et son bonheur,
Un aussi grand miracle ouvre mes yeux, Seigneur,
Et je ne doute plus. Lumières éternelles,
Je vous suis ! Guidez-moi vers Munster !

SCENE XI.

JEAN, MATHISEN, *accourant effrayé, et entrant par la gauche de la tente.*
MATHISEN—O terreur !
JEAN—Qu'est-ce donc, dans le camp, d'où vient cette rumeur?
MATHISEN—Toi seul peux désarmer ces cohortes rebelles.
Des portes de Munster des guerriers sont sortis,
Et les nôtres par eux mis en fuite et détruits.
JEAN—Courons !
(Suivi de Mathisen, il se précipite par la gauche hors de la tente.)
Le théâtre change.

3ME TABLEAU.

LE CAMP DES ANABAPTISTES.

SCENE XII.

(Tous les soldats accourent en désordre.)

PREMIER CHŒUR.

Trahis, trahis !
Par toi Munster nous fut promis ;
Il dut par nous être conquis !

DEUXIEME CHŒUR.

Il nous disait : la palme est prête,
Et quand il prédit sa conquête....

PREMIER CHŒUR.

Nos soldats, lâchement surpris,
Se sont livrés à nos ennemis.

TOUS.

La mort, la mort au faux prophète !

PREMIER CHŒUR.

Du haut des remparts de Munster
Jaillissent la foudre et le fer !

DEUXIEME CHŒUR.

Oui, le ciel fait, sur notre tête,
Mugir et tomber la tempête !
[Jean paraît en ce moment.]

TOUS.

La mort, la mort au faux prophète !

OBERTHAL—It is just my crime
Deserves death. From the top of my walls,
Berthe, a pure and chaste victim,
Threw herself into the waves to save her honor
JOHN, *with rage.*
Dead ! dead !
OBERTHAL—No, no, she is safe !
JOHN, *quickly.*
How? how ? Speak.
OBERTHAL—One of my train
Says he saw her yesterday in Munster.
JOHN, *with force.*
In Munster ?
OBERTHAL—Whither I was going, my pardon
To implore from her and Heaven; here I am.
I have said all; strike !
JOHN, *to the Soldiers who are advancing with their axes raised.*
Spared the unbeliever.
(Apart) Berthe will decide his fate.
[The soldiers lead off Oberthal.

SCENE X.

JOHN, *alone.*
Ramparts, that I dar'd not reduce to ashes,
You that hide Berthe from me, you now must yield her.
You to whose guard I owe her life, my happiness,
This miracle has op'd my eyes—Oh, heaven !
I doubt no more; Oh, thou Eternal Light,
I follow thee !—lead me to Munster.

SCENE XI.

JOHN, MATHISEN, *entering hastily in alarm, by the side of the tent.*
MATHISEN—Oh, terror.
JOHN—What is the matter ?—why in the camp this tumult ?
MATHISEN—Thou only canst disarm the rebel cohorts;
Soldiers have issued from the gates of Munster,
All that oppos'd, putting to flight, destroying.
JOHN—Ah, let's at once away !
[Exit hastily, followed by Mathisen, on the left of the tent.]
The Scene changes.

THIRD TABLEAU.

THE CAMP OF THE ANABAPTISTS.

SCENE XII.

[All the soldiers running in disorder.]

FIRST CHORUS.

Betrayed ! betrayed !
By him Munster was promised to us,
And by us was to be conquered.

SECOND CHORUS.

He said : victory is at hand,
And when he foretells a conquest....

FIRST CHORUS.

Our soldiers taken by surprise,
To our enemies are delivered.

ALL.

Death ! death ! to the false prophet !

FIRST CHORUS.

From the hight of the rampart of Munster
They launch'd the all destroying thunderbolt.

SECOND CHORUS.

Aye, Heaven on our heads makes
The temptest roar and fall.
[John appears at this moment.]

Death ! death ! to the false prophet.

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THE PROPHET.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—The Camp of the Anabaptists in a Westphalian forest. Facing the spectator is a frozen lake, which extends to the horizon, where it is lost in mist. To the right and left a forest. The day is closing. In the distance is heard the sound of battle, which increases as it draws nearer. Anabaptist soldiers rush on the stage on the right hand side; women and children leave the camp to meet them; at the same instant, another party of soldiers enter on the left, dragging in numerous prisoners, male, female and children, all richly dressed.

Prophet had got sick of the cruelty that was practiced by his followers in his name; his zeal slackened, and he remained inactive before the besieged city. Oberthal, who had been made prisoner at this time, was released at his command. The three Anabaptists, who were afraid lest the inactivity of the Prophet would make the masses unwieldly, planned an attack without his knowledge, but were defeated with great loss. The mob now rushed on the Prophet, infuriated. John, rekindling with the fire with which he used to mould the passions of the masses, upbraided them for their want of faith and compelled them all to kneel down and chant the "Miserere." Remembering that Bertha was in Munster, he took once more the lead, and after a few hours' battle, the city laid at his mercy.

The Prophet was to be solemnly crowned King. On the same day Fides, now a haggard, careworn beggar woman, begging alms to buy masses for her supposed dead son, and Bertha, who had escaped a second time, and was now in search of John, met in Munster. Alas! the afflicted mother had to tell her of the sad fate of the beloved son.

"The Prophet had willed it so." At hearing this, Bertha became inspired to seek the hated Prophet's life. The two women parted. Fides was crowded into the cathedral. The rites had just been consummated. All kneeled; John alone was standing. Yet not alone; one other stood apart, leaned against a pillar eagerly watching the proceedings. She searched the features of the hated Prophet; lo! suddenly she had recognized him. She screamed, "Mio figlio!" and rushed to him, while all spring up in confusion. But the fatal Three were too near; fanaticism and policy forbade all filial recognition; for how could he be what he claimed, of divine origin, if he had a mother? He pretended not to know her. In vain she pleaded her cause. The Anabaptists surrounded her with drawn daggers. John withheld them; he pronounced her insane: he would restore her to reason. Standing over her, with his hands raised over her head, and fixing her eyes to his with a sort of magnetic glance, he compelled her reluctantly to kneel; then bade all to draw their weapons and destroy him if she would answer to his question that she *was* his mother. Poor Fides, grow-

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SCENE XIII.

Les précédents, JEAN, MATHISEN.

JEAN, *s'adressant aux soldats.*

Qui vous a, sans mon ordre, entraînés aux combats?

[Tous, montrant Mathisen.]

C'est lui....

MATHISEN, *effrayé, montrant Zacharie.*

C'est lui....

JEAN, *à Zacharie, Jonas et Mathisen.*

Perfides, que mon bras devrait punir!

[S'adressant aux soldats,]

Et vous, insensés que vous êtes,
Depuis quand au trépas ai-je voué vos têtes,
Sans y marcher devant vous?
Du Dieu qui dans ses mains tenait les palmes prêtes,
Votre rebellion excita le courroux.
Pour obtenir de lui la victoire.... à genoux,
Peuple impie, à genoux!
Et sous son bras vengeur, coupables, courbez-vous.

[Tous se mettent à genoux.]

PRIERE, *avec chœur.*

Seigneur, qui vois notre faiblesse
Dans la cendre mon front s'abaisse,
Car ton appui m'est retiré.
Seigneur, exauce ma prière,
Seigneur, apaise ta colère,
Pardonne à ton peuple égaré.

[On entend dans le lointain un bruit de clairons et de trompettes.

Ecoutez, écoutez, les clairons font entendre,
Sur les murs de Munster, leurs défis orgueilleux.
Dieu m'inspire... Marchons... Sur vos fronts glorieux
La victoire va descendre,
Et la grâce du Seigneur va s'étendre sur vous.

MATHISEN, *accourant, suivi d'une foule de paysans armés.*

Grand prophète, le peuple se relève et tu règnes.
Oui, les paysans, en agitant leurs fers,
Courent se ranger
Sous les saintes enseignes.

UN ANABAPTISTE.

Maître, un cri s'élève,
L'assaut à Munster, (bis)

[L'aurore commence à paraître.]

JEAN, *comme frappé d'une vision.*

Que vois-je? le ciel s'est ouvert....
Sur les harpes la voix des anges
Chantent en chœur: à Munster!

[Tous les anabaptistes accourent armés, les femmes et les enfants les suivent.]

A Munster!....

HYMNE DE TRIOMPHE.

JEAN, *avec exaltation.*

Roi du ciel et des anges,
Je dirai tes louanges
Comme David, ton serviteur.

TOUS, *répétant.*

Roi du ciel, etc.

JEAN—Car Dieu m'a dit: Ceins ton écharpe
Et conduis-les dans le salut.
Réveille-toi, ma harpe,
Réveille-toi, mon luth!
Roi du ciel, &c.

TOUS, AVEC JEAN.

Victoire! c'est Dieu qui m'envoie;

SCENE XIII.

The same—JOHN, MATHISEN.

JOHN, *to the soldiers.*

Who sent you to fight without my orders?

ALL, *pointing to Mathisen.*

'Twas he!....

MATHISEN, *frightened, pointing to Zacharie.*

'Twas he!....

JOHN, *to Zacharie, Jonas and Mathisen.*

Base traitors! whom my arm
Must punish!

[Addressing the soldiers.]

You, too, senseless as you are,
When to the chance of death did I expose you,
Without in person marching at your head?
Providence, in whose hand the palm was waiting,
Your base rebellion has awoke to anger!
To gain the victory, now upon your knees,
Perverse and impious—upon your knees,
'Neath his avenging arm, ye guilty bend!

[They all kneel down.

PRAYER, *by a chorus.*

Lord, thou seest our weakness;
Before thee I am humbled,
For I am deprived of thy support;
Lord, hear my prayer,
Lord, appease Thy anger,
And forgive Thy strayed people.

[The sound of clarions and trumpets is heard at a distance.]

Hark, hark! on the walls of Munster,
The clarions sound a haughty challenge:
God inspires me...let us march! on your heads
Victory will descend.
And with the Lord's favor ye will be blessed.

MATHISEN, *running and followed by a crowd of armed peasants.*

Great prophet, the people rise again,
And thou reignest; aye, the peasants
Shaking off their chains, hasten to avenge thee
Under the holy banners.

AN ANABAPTIST.

My lord!...a cry was uttered:
Let us storm Munster! (bis.)

[The day begins to break.]

JOHN, *as though he saw an apparition.*

What do I see? The heavens are opened;
Voices of angels
Sing in chorus: To Munster!

[All the Anabaptists arrive completely armed and followed by women and children.]

To Munster!

TRIUMPHAL HYMN.

JOHN, *with great warmth,*

King of heaven and angels,
I will sing thy praise,
Like King David, thy servant.

[All repeat.]

King of &c.

JOHN—For God told me: Gird thy scarf,
And lead them to salvation.
Awake, O my harp!
Awake, O my lute!
King of heaven, &c.

ALL, *with John.*

Victory; 'twas God sent me;
Let his banner be unfurled;
Let the mountains leap with joy;
And proclaim the glory of heaven.

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Que sa bannière se déploie,
Que les monts tressaillent de joie
Et disent la gloire des cieux !
JEAN—L'Eternel est roi sur terre,
Roi des cieux, Roi ! roi !
Roi du ciel et des anges, &c.
[Reprise avec les chœurs.]
L'armée anabaptiste se range en bataille et commence à défiler.

LEVER DU SOLEIL PAR L'ELECTRICITE.

[Ici le brouillard commence à baisser—le jour paraît peu à peu.]
En marche, en marche !
En marche; en marche, et combattez sans crainte,
Car Dieu nous suit de ses regards.
En marche, en marche, et devant l'Arche sainte,
Munster, tomberont tes remparts.
Guerriers, que la trompette
Annonce leur défaite ;
Que le clairon répète
Notre chant
Triomphant :
A Munster, à Munster!
Dieu nous suit....
Dans ce moment, le brouillard qui couvrait l'étang et la forêt, se dissipe ; le soleil brille et laisse apercevoir dans le lointain, au-dela de l'étang glacé, la ville et les remparts de Munster, que Jean leur montre de la main. L'armée pousse des cris de joie, et incline devant lui ses bannières.

[La toile tombe.]

FIN DU 3ME ACTE.

ACTE QUATRIEME.

PREMIER TABLEAU.

UNE PLACE PUPLIQUE DE LA VILLE DE MUNSTER. A droite, la porte de l'Hôtel de Ville de Munster: plusieurs marches y conduisent. Plusieurs rues aboutissent à la place publique. Au lever du rideau, plusieurs bourgeois, portant des sacs d'argent ou des vases précieux, montent les marches de l'Hôtel de Ville ; d'autres descendent les mains vides ; plusieurs arrivent par les différentes rues, s'avancent au bord du théâtre et forment des groupes. Ils regardent autour eux avec inquiétude et se parlent à voix basse.

SCENE I.

CHŒUR DES BOURGEOIS.

TOUS, *à voix basse et avec inquiétude.*
Courbons notre tête,
Craignons les méchants,
Voici la tempête
Et les noirs autans.
[Voyant vers le fond une patrouille de soldats anabaptistes et criant à haute voix :
Vive le prophète!
Vive les soldats !
A DEMI-VOIX.
A bas le Prophète !
A bas les soldats !
UN BOURGEOIS.
Il règne en maitre en notre ville ;
Il faut encore mettre à ses pieds, bourgeois docile,
Tout notre argent et tout notre or,
Sinon, la mort !....
TOUS, *avec terreur, à voix basse.*
Sinon, la mort !....

JOHN—The eternal is King on earth;
King of Heaven—King ! King !
King of heaven and angels, &c.
[The Anabaptist army forms its ranks and begins to file off.

RISING OF THE SUN BY ELECTRICITY.

[At this moment, the mist fall down, the day begin to break.]
March ! march !
March ! march ! and fight without fear;
For God's eye is upon us!
March ! March ! and before the Holy Ark,
Thy walls, O Munster, will tumble.
Warriors, let the trumpet
Announce their defeat;
Let the clarion repeat
Our song
Of triumph!
To Munster ! To Munster !
God follows us !
[Here the fog which was hanging over the pond and forest clears off; the sun shines; the ramparts and city of Munster, which John shows to them, are seen at a distance, beyond the frozen pond. The troops utter crys of joy and incline their banners before him.]

The Curtain falls.

FOURTH ACT.

FIRST TABLEAU.

A SQUARE IN THE TOWN OF MUNSTER. To the right, is the door of the Town-Hall (Maison de Ville) of Munster; many steps lead to it. Several streets abutt on the Square—At the rising of the curtain, citizens carrying bags of money or precious vases, are seen ascending the steps of the Town-Hall; others descending with empty hands; several arrive by different streets; they advance from the back of the Stage to the front, and form in groups. They look about them with inquietude, and converse in a low voice.

SCENE I.

CHORUS OF CITIZENS.

[All in a low tone, and with marked uneasiness]
Let us bow down,
And fear the wicked ;
Now hurl the tempest
And the whirlwind.
Scene in the back ground, an anabaptist patrol, they sing out with a loud voice.]
Long live the Prophet!
Long live the soldiers !
[And with a low voice,]
Death to the Prophet!
Death to the soldiers!
A CITIZEN.
He reigns as sovereign in our city,
And we must, with docility,
Lay our riches at his feet,
Or suffer death.
ALL, *with terror.*
Or suffer death !

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UN BOURGEOIS, *à un de ses voisins.*
Voisin, quelle nouvelle ?
L'AUTRE BOURGEOIS.
Elles sont des plus tristes !
Ce Prophète, ou Satan, qui vient pour nous damner,
Dans nos murs va, dit-on, se faire couronner
Comme roi des anabaptistes !
TOUS, *avec étonnement.*
Roi des anabaptistes !....
(Voyant une nouvelle patrouille.)
Vive le Prophète !
Vivent les soldats !

SCENE II.

Les mêmes FIDES.

Pendant ce dernier chœur, une mendiante est entrée et s'est assise sur une borne, au fond du théâtre. Les Bourgeois, près à quitter la place publique, s'approchent d'elle.

UN BOURGEOIS.
Assise sur cette humble pierre,
Femme, que fais-tu là ?—redoute leur colère,
Va-t'en !
FIDES. *sortant la tête de son capuchon.*
Pourquoi ? quels biens pourraient m'être ravis ?
Qu'a-t-on à perdre, alors qu'on a perdu son fils ?
(Quelques bourgeois conduisent Fidès sur l'avant-scène)

COMPLAINTE DE LA MENDIANTE.

1ER COUPLET.

Donnez, donnez pour une pauvre âme,
Ouvrez-lui le paradis !
Donnez, donnez à la pauvre femme
Qui prie, hélas ! (bis) pour son fils.
Donnez, donnez, nobles seigneurs,
Donnez, donnez au sein de votre richesse.
Pitié, seigneur opulent,
Donnez pour dire une messe,
Hélas ! a mon pauvre enfant.
(On s'approche, on l'entoure, d'autres lui font l'aumône.)

2ME COUPLET.

J'ai faim, j'ai froid.... n'importe....
La tombe est plus froide encore.
Qui donc ? qui donc priera pour moi ?
Qui donc ? Au sein de votre richesse, &c.,
Donnez, &c.
(On entend une cloche.)

PREMIER BOURGEOIS, *montrant l'Hôtel de Ville.*
C'est l'heure, on nous attend, et si nous différons,
Il y va de nos jours.
(Faisant l'aumône à Fidès.)
Tiens, tiens,
FIDES—Merci !
(La cloche sonne.)
TOUS LES BOURGEOIS.
Courons !
(Ils sortent)

SCENE III.

FIDES, UN JEUNE PELERIN.

FIDES—Un pauvre pélerin !.... la fatigue, mon frère,
Semble vous accabler ?
LE PELERIN.
Dieu ! quelle est cette voix ?
FIDES—Berthe !... Berthe !.... ces traits !...
BERTHE—Fidès, ma bonne mère !
FIDES—Sous ces souhaits, c'est toi que je revois !

A CITIZEN, *to one of his neighbors.*
What news, neighbor ?
THE OTHER CITIZEN.
Very sad indeed !
That prophet or devil who came to damn us,
In this, our city, is about to be crowned
King of the Anabaptists !
ALL, *with astonishment.*
King of the Anabaptists !
[Seeing another patrol.]
Long live the Prophet !
Long live the soldiers !

SCENE II.

The same—FIDES.

[During the last chorus, a mendicant has entered, and seated herself on a stone at the back of the stage. The citizens, who are about to leave the square, approach her.]

FIRST CITIZEN.
Seated so calmly on that humble stone,
Woman, what do you there? dread their fierce anger—
Away with you !
FIDES, *throwing back her capuchin from her head*
What more can they take from me ?
What more has she to lose, who's lost her son ?
[Some citizens take Fides to the front part of the stage.]

THE BEGGAR'S SONG.

FIRST COUPLET.

Oh, give! oh, give, to save a poor, poor soul
Ah, open, pray, the realms of day
Oh give; oh give, a wretched heart console
For my son, beloved one, 'tis I pray
Oh, give, oh, give, noble Lords
Let your kind heart a portion of your treasure,
Give from your stores
Oh, give, oh, give, a mass bestowing
A mass for my ill-fated son.
[They approach nearer, surround her and give their alms.]

SECOND COUPLET.

I faint, I chill, it heeds not
The tomb is more chill, alas !
Oh, when in death I'm cold, reposing
Who then will pray for my fate ?
Let your kind heart, &c.
[The bell rings.

THE FIRST CITIZEN, *pointing to the City Hall.*
It is the hour ; they wait: should we delay ?
We our days shall shorten.
[Giving alms to Fides.]
There! take.
FIDES—Thanks to thee.
[The bell rings.
ALL THE CITIZENS.
Let us run !
Exit.

SCENE III.

FIDES, A YOUNG PILGRIM.

FIDES—Ah, a poor pilgrim. Deep fatigue, my brother,
Seems to o'erpower thee.
PILGRIM—Heaven! whose voice is that ?
FIDES—Berthe ! Berthe ! those features.
BERTHE—Fides, good mother.
FIDES—In these garments. Do I see thee again.

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(Elles se jettent dans les bras l'une de l'autre.)

DUO *d'action.*

BERTHE—Pour garder à ton fils le serment qui m'engage,
Vainement le trépas dans les flots j'ai cherché :
Un pêcheur m'a portée expirante au rivage,
Où des soins généreux m'ont cachée aux bourreaux.
Et plus tard j'ai couru, j'ai revu ta chaumière...
Où sont-ils? où sont-ils?.... disparus pour jamais !
Loin d'ici, disaient-ils, et le fils et la mère,
Pour Munster sont partis.
Suivons-les, ai-je dit.
Vers Munster j'ai tourné mon espoir. Là, naguère,
Mon aïeul, vieux soldat, fut gardien du palais.
Et j'accours, je te vois, mon amie et ma mère !
Guide-moi vers ton fils... conduis-moi dans ses bras.

FIDES, *à part.*

Pauvre fille.... comment faire
Pour t'apprendre ma misère,
Pour te dire qu'une mère
D'un fils pleure le trépas !

BERTHE, *avec joie et vivacité.*

Près de ton fils, conduis-moi, bonne mère ;
Viens, hâtons-nous.... ô bonheur.... ô transport !....

FIDES, *de même.*

Mon fils !....

BERTHE, *voyant son trouble.*

En quels lieux est-il donc?

FIDES, *sanglotant*

Il est mort.

BERTHE, *poussant un cri.*

Mort ! mort !

(Moment de silence et de consternation.)

BERTHE—Dernier espoir, lueur dernière,
Qui pour jamais ont disparu,
Que faire encor sur cette terre?
Mon bien-aimé, je t'ai perdu !
FIDES—Un matin, je trouvais dans mon humble logis
Des habits pleins de sang.... c'étaient ceux de mon fils.
Une voix s'écria : Le ciel voulait sa tête,
Tu ne le verras plus. C'est l'arrêt du prophète.
BERTHE—Qui? lui, ce monstre, ce tyran,
Imposteur qui remplit l'Allemagne de sang...
Et partout, devant lui, soulève la tempête !....

FIDES, *avec désespoir.*

Il a tué mon fils !....

BERTHE—Punissons leurs forfaits !
FIDES—Hélas ! tu ne peux rien, pauvre fille !
BERTHE—Peut-être.
Si je puis seulement entrer dans son palais....
FIDES—Et que veux-tu?
BERTHE—Frapper le traître.

(Avec exaltation.)

Dieu me guidera,
Dieu m'inspirera !
Sa voix immortelle
M'anime et m'appelle ;
Sainte espérance
De la vengeance,
Tu me soutiens.
Jean.... réveille-toi,
Viens.... marche avec moi !

[They throw themselves into each other's arms]

DUET (in action.)

BERTHE—To keep my sacred promise to thy son,
I vainly looked for death in the waves;
A fisherman carried me dying to the shore,
Where he secured me from my persecutors,
Afterwards I left him; I saw thy cottage ;
Where are they? where are they? gone forever!
Both the mother and son, said they,
Have gone to Munster; I said:
I will follow them.
My only hope was in Munster; wherein
My grand father was guardian of the palace;
I came and saw thee, dear friend, dear mother,
Guide me towards thy son; let me fall in his arms.
FIDES, *aside.*
Dear daughter; how will I do
To let her know my misfortune
To tell her that the mother
Bewails the death of her son.
BERTHE, *lively and joyfully.*
Guide me towards thy son, dear mother;
Come let us hasten; O happiness ! O ecstacy ?
FIDES, *in the same tone.*
My son.
BERTHE, *seeing her emotion.*
Where is he then ?
FIDES, *sobbing.*
Dead.
BERTHE, *screaming.*
Dead ! Dead !

[A moment of silence and consternation.]

BERTHE—Oh, my last hope, my joy's last ray,
Forever lost, so bright that shone;
Ah, why on earth, then, longer stay,
When thou, my best belov'd, art gone.
FIDES—One morn I found, within my humble dwelling,
Some blood stain'd garments: they had been my son's;
And, lo, a voice cried: "Heaven has claim'd his life;
Thou'lt no more see him—so decrees the Prophet.
BERTHE—Who? he that monster, that remorseless tyrant;
Imposter, who's steep'd Germany in blood,
And everywhere, before him, awakes the tempest
FIDES, *with despair.*
He has kill'd my son.
BERTHE—I will avenge the crime.
FIDES—Alas, thou can'st do naught, poor child.
BERTHE—Perhaps,
If I could only get into the palace.
FIDES—What wouldst thou do?
BERTHE—Strike to the earth the tyrant.

[With enthusiasm.]

Heaven my guide will be,
Heaven will me inspire
Its voice, celestially,
Animates, calls on me,
My only hope is now
Vengeance, my solemn vow,
John ! John ! awaken thou,
March, oh, march on with me.

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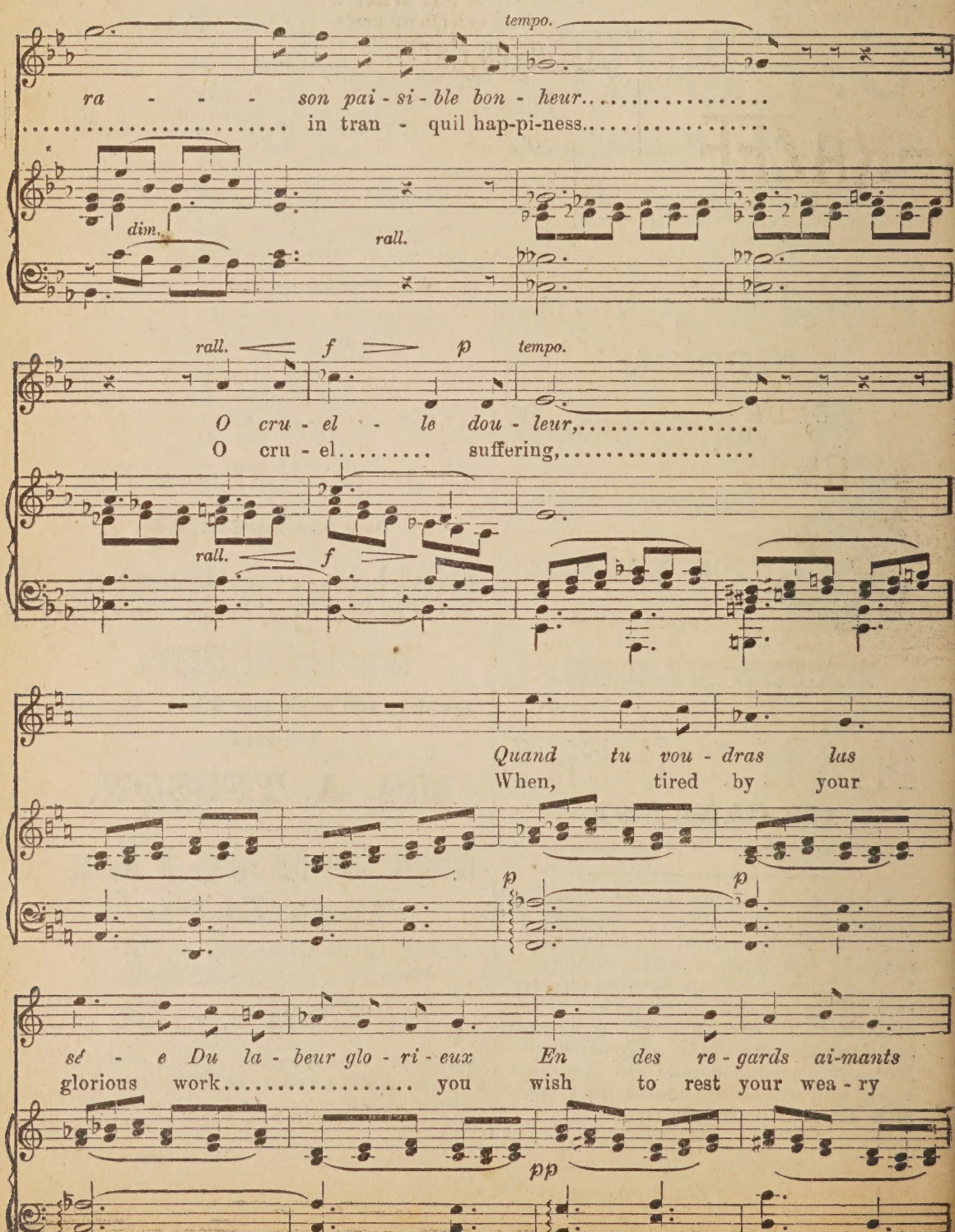

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THE PROPHET.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—A public place in the city of Munster; on the right the door of the palace of the city, which is ascended by many steps; various streets open on the public place. At the rising of the curtain numerous Citizens, who carry bags of money or precious vases, ascend the steps of the city Palace, others descend with empty hands; many arrive on the place through many streets; they advance in front of the stage and there form groups, looking around in an uneasy mood and speaking to each other in a low voice.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—The theatre represents a vaulted cavern in the palace at Munster; on the left a stone staircase. At the bottom a projecting dais, on which certain characters are traced; on the right, an iron door looking out on the country.

ing alarmed for him, answered no; and all exclaimed: a miracle!

In a subsequent private interview between John and Fides, the mother worked upon her son and made him penitent; he would relinquish his throne and retire to seclusion. It was too late. The Emperor, with a powerful army, was marching upon Munster. The three Anabaptists saw the coming ruin of their cause, and trembling for their lives, concluded to deliver up the Prophet. John was informed of this treachery. Seeing that flight was out of the question, he resolved to have his foes share his death. He had the entire basement of the palace filled with combustibles, and gave orders to some trusty followers to close the gates as soon as the enemy's party, led by the Three, had entered the building, and then set fire to the lower apartments. These preparations attended to, the new King was about to retire to the banquet-hall, when he was intercepted by Bertha, who had come to kill the Prophet. The recognition caused but a short transport of joy on the part of the girl, for Fides appeared and imparted to her what character her son played in the world. This proved too much for the already half-crazy girl; she turned the dagger towards her own breast.

John awaited death at the banquet table. In the turmoil of a bacchanalian feast the gates admitted the treacherous Three and a large party of distinguished persons from the Imperial army, among which Count Oberthal figured prominently. The guards did their duty; all outlets were promptly shut, and the whole party assembled perished under the falling building.

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cresc.

Re - po ser - ta pen - sé - e Ce n'est pas Vers les miens
mind in the eyes of the loved one, It will not be towards mine

cresc.

ff

Que s'en i - ront tes yeux. O cru - el - le dou -
that your eyes will turn. O cru - el..... suf -

cresc.

leur!.....
fering!.....

dim.

pp

Comme un doux nid, sous la ra - mé-e,.....
As a downy nest in the fo - liage,.....

pp

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Où le prin-temps met sa splen - deur..... A
All a - glow with the splen-dor of Spring;..... In

l'om - bre de ta re-nom - mé - - e Une
the shade of your fame..... An -

cresc. *f* *rall.*
au - - tre ca - che - ra - - - son pai - si - ble bon -
other woman will live in quiet..... happiness.....

cresc.

heur..... O dou - leur!
..... O sufferings!

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FIDES—Mes yeux n'ont qu'a pleurer,
Ma voix qu'a te conjurer,
O toi vierge sainte ;
Ma fidèle plainte,
A toi, vierge sainte :
Ma seule espérance
Est dans ta présence.
Mon fils, ah ! près de toi,
Mon fils, rappelle-moi.
BERTHE—Oui, oui, j'en ai fait le serment,
Jean !... tu seras vengé.
FIDES—Comment ?
BERTHE—Adieu donc !
FIDES—Reste encor.
BERTHE—Dieu me guidera.
FIDES—A la mort !

REPRISE DE L'ENSEMBLE.

BERTHE—J'y compte, Dieu me guidera, etc.
FIDES—Mes yeux n'ont plus qu'a pleurer, etc.
Berthe se précipite vers une des rues à gauche, qui conduit au palais ; Fidès, qui ne peut courir aussi vite, la suit de loin en tendant les bras vers elle.

(Le théâtre change.)

2ME TABLEAU.

(Intérieur de la cathédrale de Munster, marche du sacre.)

COURONNEMENT.

Une partie du cortège est censée entrée, l'autre moitié continue à défiler. Au fond de l'église, des trabans de la garde du prophète forment la haie. Marche des grands électeurs, portant l'un la couronne, l'autre le sceptre, l'autre la main de justice, celui-ci le sceau de l'Etat, et d'autres les ornements impériaux. Jean paraît après eux, la tête nue et habillé en blanc. Il traverse la nef principale, et se rend dans le chœur au maître-hôtel, qui est dans le fond, et qu'on ne voit pas. Le peuple veut se précipiter sur ses pas ; il est repoussé par les trabans dans les chapelles latérales. Tous disparaissent. Fidès, qui vient d'entrer, est seule à gauche, ne s'occupant pas de ce qui se passe autour d'elle, est plongée dans la rêverie et la prière. Tout-à-coup, on entend un grand bruit d'orgues, de clairons et de trompettes. C'est le moment du couronnement.

SCENE IV.

PRIERE ET IMPRECATION.

CHŒUR, *en dehors.*

Domine salvum fac regem nostrum prophetam !
Et exudivit nos in indicaverimus te !
FIDES, *levant la tête,*
Que Dieu sauve le roi, disent-ils.
[*Priant.*]
Grands Dieux, exaucez ma prière !
Qu'errant, misérable et proscrit,
Il soit châtié sur la terre,
Que dans le ciel il soit maudit !
CHŒUR, *en dehors.*
Domine salvum fac regem nostrum prophetam !
FIDES, *continuant avec exaltation.*
O ! ma fille.... oh ! Judith nouvelle,
Que s'accomplisse (bis) ton dessein !
Va... qu'en ta main le glaive étincelle,
Et de leur roi frappe le sein.
CHŒUR.
Domine salvum fac regem nostrum prophetam !

FIDES—I can do nothing but weep
And beseech thee,
O sacred virgin !
My faithful camplaint,
O sacred virgin !
My only hope,
Is in thy presence.
Do, O my son,
Call me to thee.
BERTHE—Aye, I solemnly swear
That I'll avenge thee, O John.
FIDES—How ?
BERTHE—Farewell then.
FIDES—Stay yet.
BERTHE—God will guide me.
FIDES—To death.

[They resume.]

BERTHE—I rely on it. God will guide me, &c.
FIDES—I can do nothing but weep, &c.
[Berthe runs towards one of the streets on the left, which leads to the palace. Fides who cannot run so fast, follows her at a distance, extending her arms towards her.

[The scene changes.

SECOND TABLEAU.

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MUNSTER—CORONATION MARCH.

THE CORONATION.

[A portion of the attendants are supposed to have already entered the Cathedral; the rest enter gradually; the Trabans of the Prophet form themselves in a line, in the back part of the church. March of the grand electors, one of whom carries the crown, another the sceptre, a third, the mace; a fourth, the seal of the State, and the others, the imperial ornaments. John comes next, bareheaded and dressed in white. He crosses the principal nave, enters the choir and stops before the great altar, which cannot be seen. The people try to follow him, but they are driven by the Trabans to the lateral chapels. They all disappear. Fides, who has just entered, is alone on the left, kneeling and paying no attention to what is being done or said around her; she seems to be absorbed in deep thought and prayer. All of a sudden, the sound of organs and clarions is heard, it is the moment of the Coronation.]

SCENE IV.

PRAYER AND IMPRECATION.

CHORUS, *outside.*

Domine salvum fac regem nostrum prophetam ?
Et exaudivit nos indicaverimus te.
FIDES—*raising her head.*
God save the King, they say ?
[Praying.]
Great God, please grant my Prayer,
Wandering, miserable and outlaw,
May he be punished on earth;
May he be cursed in heaven.
CHORUS.
Domine salvum fac regem nostrum prophetam ?
FIDES, *continues with exaltation.*
Daughter, dear, a second Judith,
May heaven protect thee on thy task, go !
In thy hand the sword of vengeance
Strike the breast of the King.
CHORUS.
Domine salvum fac regem nostrum prophetam !

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CHŒUR D'ENFANTS ET CHŒUR GENERAL.

Le voilà, le prophète,
Le voilà, le fils de Dieu.
A genoux !... courbez la tête
Devant son sceptre de feu.

UNE VOIX, *seule.*

O prodige, nulle femme
Ne l'a porté, ne l'a conçu.
A genoux... courbez-vous.
Le voici, le prophète,
Le voici, à genoux... courbez la tête,
A genoux !....

Sur le haut du grand escalier paraît Jean, couvert des habits impériaux, le sceptre en main, la couronne en tête. Derrière lui Jonas, Zacharie, Mathisen et ses principaux officiers. A son aspect tout le monde se prosterne. Seul, debout, au milieu de cette multitude, Jean descend lentement quelques marches d'un air pensif ; puis il porte sa main à sa couronne et dit en se rappelant la prédiction du second acte :

JEAN—Jean, tu règneras ! oui, c'est donc vai, je suis l'élu, le fils de Dieu....

En ce moment, Fidès, qui était en prière, vient de se relever. Elle seule et Jean se trouvent debout dans l'église. Elle regarde le nouveau roi et pousse un cri.

FIDES—Mon fils !

(Mouvement général.)

TOUS.

Son fils !

Jean tourne les yeux de son côté, lui tend les bras et veut courir vers elle ; mais au cri de Fidès, tout le monde qui était à genoux s'est relevé, et s'éloigne avec indignation de cette femme sacrilége. Zacharie et Jonas se sont approchés d'elle et tirent leurs poignards ; Mathisen, qui est près de Jean, lui dit à voix basse :

MATHISEN—Si tu parles.....
(Lui montrant Fidès)
Sa mort .....

JEAN, *avec fureur.*

Infâme !

(Puis, avec effroi, modérant son émotion, il se retourne vers sa mère et dit froidement :)

Quelle est cette femme ?

(Fidès, en proie à l'agitation la plus vive, veut parler, mais le saisissement lui coupe la parole.

FIDES—Qui je suis ?
Moi, qui je suis ?

COUPLETS ET MORCEAU D'ENSEMBLE.

FIDES, *d'une voix tremblante.*

Je suis.... je suis la pauvre femme
Qui t'a nourri, t'a porté dans ses bras.
Qui t'a pleuré, t'appelle, te réclame,
Qui n'aime enfin que toi seul ici-bas.
Hélas ! et toi, tu ne me connais pas.
L'ingrat ne me reconnaît pas.

ENSEMBLE.

CHŒUR DU PEUPLE.

Qu'entends-je ? ô ciel et quel mystère !
Faut-il en croire un tel aveu ?

A RELIGIOUS MARCH.

[The organs play again. The young boys and girls enter singing to the tune of the following march. The people come next and occupy all the stage.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN AND GENERAL CHORUS.

Behold, behold, the Prophet-King !
Behold, behold, the Son of Heaven !
Kneel—bow the head, be homage given;
Before his sceptre, praises sing.

VOICE, *alone.*

O wonder ! No woman
Ever bore or conceived him;
Kneel ye down;
Here is the king-prophet; kneel down,
Bow your heads; kneel down,
Kneel down.

[John appears on the top of the large staircase. He is clad in imperial garments, holds the sceptre in his hand, and has a crown on his head Behind him stand Zacharie, Jonas, Mathisen, and his chief officers. At this sight they all postrate themselves. He alone stands amidst the crowd, and slowly and pensively descends a few steps; then lays his hand on his crown, and remembering the prophecy in the second act, says:

JOHN—John, thou shalt reign ! 'tis true.
I am God's elect; I am the Son of Heaven.

[At the same moment, Fides, who was kneeling and praying, rises. She and John are the only ones standing in the church. She looks at the king and exclaims :]

FIDES, My son !....

[General astonishment.]

ALL.

Her son !

[John casts his eyes on her, stretches his arms and attempts to run towards her; but all the people who were kneeling down, hearing her exclamation, rise and indignantly shrink from that sacrilegious woman Zacharie and Mathisen step to her and draw their daggers; Mathisen, who is near John, says to him, in a low voice:]

MATHISEN—If thou speak.
[Pointing to Fides.]
Her death !....

JOHN, *with rage.*

Infamous wretch !

[Then with terror, and checking his emotion, he turns around to his mother and calmly says:

Who is that woman ?

FIDES, *deeply effected, tries to speak, and with difficulty utters the following words:*

Who I am ?....
I ! who I am ?

COUPLETS AND OTHERS SINGING.

FIDES, *with a trembling voice.*

I am the poor woman
Who nourished thee and carried thee in her arms
Who wept for thee, who calls and claims thee,
And who loves but thee in this world....
And thou, alas ! refuses, to know me;
Th' ungrateful child does not know me.

TOGETHER.

CHORUS OF THE PEOPLE.

Heaven ! what do we hear ? And what a mystery!
Must we believe her confession ?

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Lui qui pour nous descend sur terre,
Lui.... l'envoyé, le Fils de Dieu!
CHŒUR DES ANABAPTISTES, *s'adressant à Fidès.*
Fraude coupable et mensongère,
Que punira le Fils de Dieu....
Ne brave pas notre colère,
Va-t'en, va-t'en de ce saint lieu.
JEAN, *s'avançant vers le peuple, dont les murmures augmentent.*
Quelque erreur abuse son âme.
J'ignore, ainsi que vous, ce que veut cette femme.
FIDES—Ce que je veux?.. ce que je veux?...
Ce que je veux... ce que veut cette femme?
Elle voudrait te pardonner, hélas!
Elle voudrait, même au prix de son âme,
Un seul instant te presser dans ses bras,
Et toi, tu ne me connais pas.
L'ingrat ne me reconnaît pas!
TOUS.
O ciel!
ENSEMBLE.
CHŒUR DU PEUPLE, *montrant Jean.*
L'élu du ciel, le saint prophète,
Ne serait-il qu'un imposteur?
Malheur à lui, que sur sa tête
Eclate enfin notre fureur.
CHŒUR D'ANABAPTISTES, *menaçant Fidès.*
C'est trop souffrir, divin prophète,
Et son blasphême et son erreur....
Livrez-la nous, que sur sa tête
Eclate enfin notre fureur.
(A la fin de cet ensemble, Jonas et les anabaptistes qui ont entouré Fidès lèvent leurs poignards sur sa tête.
JONAS, *prêt à frapper.*
Dieu nous commande son trépas.
JEAN, *s'élançant vers lui avec effroi.*
Arrêtez....
FIDES, *avec joie.*
Il prend ma défense.
L'EXORCISME.
GRANDE SCENE D'ACTION.
Qu'on respecte ses jours.... ne voyez-vous donc pas
Que cette femme est en démence?
[Fidès s'éloigne avec indignation.]
JEAN—Un miracle seul peut lui rendre la raison.
CHŒUR DE BOURGEOIS, *avec ironie.*
Tout est possible au roi-prophète,
Au fils de Dieu.
JEAN, *s'avançant lentement.*
Que Dieu m'inspire donc.
Solennellement.
Que la sainte lumière
Redescende sur ton front, pauvre insensée, et t'éclaire.
Femme, à genoux....
Jean s'approche de Fidès, étend sa main sur sa tête, et la fascine tellement de son regard, qu'involontairement elle tombe à genoux; avec intention, il lui dit:
Tu chérissais ce fils dont je t'offre les traits.
FIDES—Si je l'aimais!....
JEAN—Eh bien, que maintenant vers moi ton œil se lève.
FIDES, *d'une voix tremblante.*
Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!
JEAN, *au peuple.*
Et vous qui m'écoutez, peuple, tirez le glaive.

What! He who for us descends on earth,
He the messenger .. the Son of Heaven.
CHORUS OF THE ANABAPTISTS, *speaking to Fides.*
Deceitful and guilty fraud,
Whom the Son of God will punish....
Do not affront our wrath....
Begone! Begone, from this holy place.
JOHN, *going to the people, whose murmurs are increasing.*
She is certainly mistaken;
I, like yourselves, am ignorant of what that woman wishes.
FIDES—What I wish! What I wish!
What I wish!....What that woman wishes
Alas! she wishes....to forgive thee,
She wishes, even at the cost of her soul,
But an instant to clasp thee in her arms;
And thou, thou dost not know me,
Ungrateful! Thou dost not know me.
ALL.
O Heaven!
TOGETHER.
CHORUS OF THE PEOPLE, *pointing to John.*
Should God's elect the holy prophet,
Be nothing but an imposter!
Woe to him! Let our ire
Burst forth at last on his head.
CHORUS OF ANABAPTISTS,
Thou hast too long suffered, divine prophet,
Her blasphemies and error;
Deliver her to us, and on her head
Let our fury fall at last.
[At the end of this chorus, Jonas and the Anabaptists, who have surrounded Fides, raise their daggers over her head.
JONAS, *ready to strike.*
God bids us kill.
JOHN, *frightened, rushes towards her.*
Stop!
FIDES, *joyfully.*
He takes up my defence.
THE EXORCISM.
GREAT SCENE OF ACTION.
JOHN—Let her life be respected! ..Do ye not see
That this woman is crazy.
[Fides steps back indignantly.]
JOHN—A miracle alone can restore her reason.
CHORUS OF CITIZENS, *ironically.*
Everything is possible for the king-prophet,
For the son of God.
JOHN, *advancing slowly.*
Let God inspire me then.
[Solemnly.]
Let the holy light
Come down on thy head, thou fool, and guide thee,
Poor woman, kneel down.
John approaching Fides, stretches his hand over her head, and so fascinates her by his looks, that she involutarily fall on her knees; and he says to her intentionally:]
Didst thou love that son to whom I bear a likeness.
FIDES—If I did love him!
JOHN—Well then, cast thy eye on me now.
FIDES, *with a trembling voice.*
My God! My God!
JOHN, *to the people.*
And ye who hear me, raise your swords.

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(Les assistants tirent leur épée, et Jean continue.)
Si je suis son enfant, si je vous ai trompés,
Punissez l'imposteur. Voici mon sein... frappez.
(S'adressant à Fidès, à haute voix.)
Suis-je ton fils?
CHŒUR DU PEUPLE, *à Fidès.*
Parlez, parlez.
FIDES, *troublée.*
Oui, la lumière brille à mes yeux obscurcis....
(Passant au milieu, et d'une voix entrecoupée.)
Peuple, je vous trompais: ce n'est pas là mon fils.
[Avec douleur et désespoir.]
Non, non, je n'ai plus de fils, hélas!
JONAS, *au peuple.*
O sublime spectacle....
Sa voix rend la raison aux insensés.
LE PEUPLE, *poussant un cri.*
Miracle, miracle du grand prophète!
FIDES, *seule à droite, et pleurant.*
O douleur! il faut donc l'abandonner
Pour le sauver!
(Jean s'éloigne en jetant un dernier regard sur sa mère.)
FIDES—Mon Dieu, veillez sur lui.
FINAL, AVEC ACCOMPAGNEMENT D'ORGUE.
LE PEUPLE, *entourant Jean, qui part.*
Miracle!
Domine salvum fac regem nostrum prophetam.
FIDES, *seule à part, et poussant un cri.*
Et Berthe, Berthe, ô ciel, qui veut l'assassiner?
Elle veut se précipiter sur les pas de Jean; les anabaptistes lui présentent la pointe de leurs épées et l'empêchent de passer.
FIDES, *à part, se tordant les mains de désespoir en voyant Jean qui s'éloigne, et qu'elle ne peut le rejoindre.*
Mon fils.... on va l'assassiner.
CŒUR DU PEUPLE, *se précipitant sur les pas de Jean.*
Miracle, miracle!
GRAND TABLEAU.—FIN DU 4ME ACTE.

ACTE CINQUIEME.

Le théâtre représente un caveau voûté dans le palais de Munster. A gauche, un escalier en pierre, par lequel on descend dans le caveau. Au fond au milieu du mur, une dalle saillante, sur laquelle des caractères sont tracés. A droite, une porte en fer.

SCENE I.

ZACHARIE, MATHISEN ET JONAS.
MATHISEN, *s'adressant à Zacharie.*
Ainsi, vous l'attestez?
ZACHARIE—Oui, redoublant d'efforts,
Vers Munster l'empereur et s'avance et s'apprête
A foudroyer ses murs.
MATHISEN—Comment fuir la tempête?
JONAS, *tirant un parchemin de sa poche.*
Il offre sauve-garde à nous, à nos trésors,
Si nous lui livrons le prophète.
Qu'en dites-vous?
TOUS LES TROIS, *se regardant un instant.*
Du ciel la volonté soit faite.
ZACHARIE ET MATHISEN, *regardant vers l'escalier à gauche.*
Au haut de ces degrés ont brillé des flambeaux.
JONAS, *leur montrant la porte de fer à droite.*
Venez.... par cette issue on sort de ces cavaux.

(The people draw their swords and John continues.
If I am her son; if I deceived you,
Punish the imposter; strike! here is my heart.
[To Fides, with a loud voice.]
Am I thy son?
CHORUS OF THE PEOPLE, *to Fides.*
Speak! speak!
FIDES, *discountenanced.*
Aye! the light shines before my eyes;
[Going amongst them, and in a broken voice.]
I did deceive you!..he is not my son.
[With grief and despair.]
No, no, I have no more son.
JONAS, *to the people.*
O sublime spectacle!
At his voice, the insane recovers her reason.
THE PEOPLE, *uttering cries.*
A miracle, a miracle, by the great Prophet.
FIDES, *alone on the right, weeping.*
What anguish! I must abandon him
To save him.
JOHN, *retires, casting his eyes upon his mother for the last time*
FIDES—O God! watch over him.
FINAL WITH ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT.
THE PEOPLE, *surrounding John who departs.*
Miracle!
Domine salvum fac regem nostrum prophetam.
FIDES, *alone and aside, uttering a cry.*
Ah! Berthe! Heaven. Who will murder him?
[She attempts to run after John, but the Anabaptists present the point of their swords, and stop her.
FIDES, *aside, twisting her hands in despair when she sees John going away, and that she cannot go to him.*
My son! He will be murdered!
CHORUS OF THE PEOPLE, *following the prophet.*
Miracle! Miracle!
GRAND TABLEAU—End of Fourth Act.

FIFTH ACT.

The theatre represents a vault in the palace of Munster. On the left, a stone staircase, which leads down to the vault. In the back part, and in the middle of the wall, a marble slab projecting, on which letters are written. On the right, an iron door.

SCENE I.

ZACHARIE, MATHISEN, and JONAS.
MATHISEN, *speaking to Zacharie.*
So then you certify it?
ZACHARIE—Yes; with renewed efforts,
The emperor marches on Munster and prepares
To batter down the walls.
MATHISEN—How escape the tempest?
JONAS, *pulling a parchment from his pocket.*
He offers a safeguard for us and our treasures,
If we deliver up the prophet to him:
What say you?
ALL THREE, *look at each other a moment.*
Let the will of God be done.
ZACHARIE, and MATHISEN, *looking towards the steps on the left.*
At the top of these steps lights are glittering
JONAS *showing them the iron doors on the right.*
Through this passage we can leave this vault.

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Ils sortent par la porte à droite. Apparaissent sur les marches de l'escalier à gauche, plusieurs soldats ; l'un tient un flambeau, les autres entraînent Fidès. Les soldats montrent à Fidès un banc de pierre.

SCENE II.

FIDES, *seule.*

RECITATIF.

O prêtres de Baal, où m'avez-vous conduite?
[Regardant autour d'elle.]
Sous les murs d'un cachot l'on retient mes pas,
Quand Berthe de mon fils a juré le trépas.
[Marchant avec égarement.]
Mon fils, il ne l'est plus,
Il renia sa mère.
Que sur son front coupable éclate ta colère ;
Frappe.... toi qui punis tous les enfants ingrats.
[Poussant un cri d'effroi.]
Non, non, grâce pour lui !

CAVATINA.

O toi qui m'abandonne,
Mon cœur est désarmé.
Mon courroux m'abandonne
Ta mère te pardonne ;
Adieu, mon pauvre enfant, mon bien-aimé,
Sois pardonné.
Je t'ai donné mon cœur, je t'ai donné mes vœux,
Et maintenant, pour que tu sois heureux,
Je te donne ma vie
Et mon âme ravie
T'attendra dans les cieux.

SCENE III.

FIDES, UN OFFICIER, *descendant l'escalier.*

L'OFFICIER—Femme, prosterne-toi devant ton divin maître,
Le roi prophète à tes yeux va paraître.
FIDES, *avec joie.*
Il vient, je vais le voir....
Hélas ! bien coupable peut-être.

CAVATINA.

Dieu, comme un éclair précipité
Dans son âme, frappe mon fils, en vérité,
Du fils ingrat, du révolté
Frappe l'âme ...
Qu'il soit dompté soudain,
Comme l'airain
Par le feu
Et toi, mon Dieu,
De ta céleste grâce enfin touche son âme.

SOLO.

Sainte phalange,
Rends-lui son ange,
Esprit divin, descends vainqueur ;
De tes rayons perce son cœur.
Par le crime
Sous ses pas
Que le noir abîme
Ne s'ouvre pas.
Ah ! ma victoire est certaine
Et je ramène
Avec ferveur
Mon fils au sein d'un Dieu sauveur.

SCENE IV.

FIDES, JEAN, *enveloppé d'un manteau, et la couronne sur la tête.*

SCENE ET GRAND DUO.

JEAN—Ma mère !

[They go out through the door on the right. Several soldiers appear on the left steps, one of them holds a light; the others drag Fides along. The soldiers point out a stone-bench to Fides, invite her by signs to sit on it.]

SCENE II.

FIDES, *alone.*

RECITATIVE.

O priests of Baal, whither did you drag me ?
[Looking around her.]
The walls of a dungeon !..here I am shut up
When Berthe has sworn to kill my son.
[Walking in a rage.]
My son !..he is such no more :
He renounced his mother.
Thou who chastisest ungrateful children,
Strike him. Let thy ire burst on his head.
[Crying out, frightened.]
No, no, pardon him, Heaven.

CAVATINA.

O thou who forsakest me,
My heart is disarmed !
My anger I abjure,
And I forgive thee.
Adieu, my beloved. My poor child.
Thy mother pardons thee;
I gave thee my heart; I gave thee my vows;
And now, that thou mayest be happy,
I gave thee my life,
And my enraptured soul
Will wait for thee in Heaven.

SCENE III.

FIDES, AN OFFICER, *descending the steps.*

THE OFFICER.

Woman prostrate thyself before thy Holy Master,
The Prophet King will to thine eyes appear.
FIDES, *joyfully.*
Ah ! then, he comes ; he comes.
I shall behold him. Oh, sweet, bless'd hope.

CAVATINA.

Like lightning, truth, resistlessly
Let thy light pierce
This ingrate son, this revolting son.
Conscience riven,
Soften his soul,
That, wrought like brass
In furnace fierce,
He may ascend,
And reign in Heaven.

SOLO.

Restore, blessed phalanx
His guardian angel;
Immortal grace
Oh, conq'ring come;
With thy pure love
His heart reprove;
Tho' thus guilty
He steps beneath
No dark abyss
Engulf in death;
Like lightning, truth, resistlessly
Let thy light pierce this ingrate son.

SCENE IV.

FIDES, JOHN, *wrapped up in a cloak; a crown on his head*

SCENE AND GRAND DUET.

JOHN—My mother !

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FIDES, *avec dignité.*

Moi, ta mère? il faut me le prouver,
Arrière, prophète et fils du ciel;
Tu n'es plus dans ce temple
Où, debout, tu m'osais braver;
Et maintenant que Dieu seul nous contemple,
A genoux ...

JEAN, *tombant malgré lui à ses pieds.*

Ah! pardon pour un fils égaré.

FIDES—Mon fils! je n'en ai plus.... le fils que j'ai pleuré
Etait pur devant Dieu;
Mais toi qu'on déteste,
Sous la colère céleste, tremble;
Toi, dont les mains sont empreintes de sang,
Tu n'es plus rien pour moi, va-t'en, va-t'en,
Loin de mon cœur et de mes yeux, va-t'en.

JEAN—Ma mère, hélas! me maudit, me déteste,
Quand j'allais la presser de mes bras,
Et son courroux est le courroux céleste.
Autour de moi cachez ces flots de sang;
Image horrible, éloigne-toi, va-t-en.
Ah! de mon cœur, remords vengeur, va-t'en.
Ah! c'est mon seul amour qui m'a rendu coupable;
Je ne voulais d'abord, en ma juste fureur,
Que venger le trépas de Berthe et son honneur.
Et puis le sang versé nous rend impitoyable;
Ces maîtres orgueilleux, ces tyrans insensés,
J'ai voulu les punir....

FIDES—Et tu les as surpassés.
Aucun d'eux n'eût osé—sacrilége,
Se proclamer l'égal de Dieu qui nous protége,
Et toi, prophète, à la terre funeste,
Toi qui bravas la colère céleste,
Sourd à l'honneur comme à la voix du sang,
Ingrat, je te maudis, va-t'en, va-t en,

(Jean, à ses pieds, cachant sa tête dans ses mains)

FIDES—Eh bien! si le remords s'éveille dans ton âme,
Et si tu veux encore être digne de moi,
Renonce à ton pouvoir, à ceux qui t'ont fait roi.

JEAN—Déserter mes soldats....
FIDES—C'est Dieu qui te réclame.
JEAN—Par eux je fus vainqueur....
FIDES—Par eux tu fus infâme.
JEAN—Ils diront que j'ai fui.
FIDES, *levant la main au ciel.*
Vers le ciel, vers l'honneur.

CAVATINA.

A la voix de ta mère
Le ciel peut se rouvrir.
Dieu n'a plus de colère
Devant le repentir.
Le ciel peut se rouvrir.

JEAN—Le ciel peut se rouvrir?
FIDES—Oui, par lui.... je l'atteste,
Tes crimes s'effaceront,
Et le pardon céleste
Descendra sur ton front.

(Jean retire de sa tête la couronne qu'il pose sur la table de pierre près de lui.

FIDES—Oui.... oui, mon fils.... ce nom si tendre,
Mon cœur est prêt à te le rendre.
(Avec tendresse.)
Mon fils.... mon fils!....
(Jean se jette dans ses bras.)

FIDES, *with dignity.*

I, thy mother, thou must prove it to me,
Stand back. Prophet and son of heaven,
Thou art not now in the temple,
Wherein thou durst insult me;
And now that God alone sees us,
Kneel down!....

JOHN—*involuntarily falling at her feet.*

Ah, forgive a repenting son.

FIDES—My son!..I have none. The son for whom I wept,
Was pure....before God;
But thou, whom the world abhors,
Tremble before the divine ire;
Thou, whose hands are stained with blood,
Thou art a stranger to me. Begone!
Far from my heart; far from my sight.

JOHN—My mother, she, alas, curses, detests me;
Her anger is the anger of high Heaven.
Oh, hide those seas of blood that flow around me!
Remorse avenging—from my heart away
Horrible image, withdraw thyself—away!
Ah, 'twas my love alone that made me guilty;
I only wished, at first, in my just fury
To avenge the wrongs of Berthe and her honor.
But blood once spill'd render'd us pitiless;
Those overbearing masters, senseless tyrants,
I would have punished them.

FIDES—Thou hast exceeded them,
Which of them would have dar'd, sacrilegiously
Say he was Son of Heav'n? deny his mother?
Thou Prophet; oh, this much abus'd earth,
Thou, who thus bravest the celestial anger,
As deaf to honor as to the voice of nature—
Ingrate; I curse thee; hence, away, away,
Hence from my heart, and from my eyes away.

JOHN, *throws himself at her feet, hiding his face with his hands.*

FIDES—'Tis well; if in thy soul remorse awakens,
If thou wouldst still prove worthy of my love,
Renounce thy power to those who made thee King.

JOHN—Desert my soldiers!
FIDES—Heaven 'tis that reclaims thee.
JOHN—Through them I conquer'd.
FIDES—Through them thou'rt infamous.
JOHN—They'll say that I have fled.
FIDES—*raising her hands to Heaven.*
Towards Heaven and honor.

CAVATINA.

At the voice of thy mother
Heaven still may give thee grace;
Of the Most High the anger
Repentance may chase,
Heaven still may yield grace.

JOHN—Heaven still may yield grace.
FIDES—Hear the words that inspire me:
Grace thy crime may forget;
Yes, the pardon of heaven
May smile on thee yet.

[John takes the Crown from his head, and places it on the stone table near him.

FIDES—Yes, yes, my son, that tender name once more
My heart is but too ready to restore.
[With tenderness.]
My son, my son.
[John throws himself into her arms]

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ENSEMBLE.

FIDES, *avec entraînement.*
Viens, il est temps encor,
Entends ma voix fidèle.
Soi- courageux et fort;
Le Dieu du ciel t'appelle,
Viens à lui,
Et bientôt du Seigneur
Le pardon céleste descendra sur toi.
JEAN—Quoi! je pourrais encor,
Moi, si longtemps rebelle,
Changer enfin mon sort!
Le Dieu du ciel m'appelle
Oui, je crois en lui,
Et bientôt du Seigneur
Le pardon céleste descendra sur moi.

SCENE V.

Les précédents, BERTHE, *un flambeau à la main, s'avançant vers le mur du fond, et touchant la pierre qui s'ouvre.*
Voici le souterrain et la dalle de pierre.
JEAN, *à part.*
O ciel!
FIDES *allant à Berthe.*
Berthe!
BERTHE, *poussant un cri.*
Fidès!
FIDES—Ici que viens-tu faire?
BERTHE, *s'adressant à Fidès.*
Par mon aieul, gardien du palais de Munster,
Je savais les amas de salpêtre et de fer
Cachés dans ce caveau.
[Montrant le flambeau qu'elle tient.]
Cette flamme propice
Peut, en quelques instans, embraser l'édifice,
Ce prophète et les siens, et moi-même avec eux.
FIDES—Que dit-elle? grands dieux!
[Avec effroi, à Jean.]
Mon fils!
BERTHE, *apercevant Jean, et poussant un cri.*
Ah! qu'ai-je vu?
Mon bien-aimé.... c'est toi qui m'es rendu.
FIDES, *à Berthe.*
Parlez bas.... parlez bas!

GRAND TRIO D'ACTION.

BERTHE, *à Jean.*
Combien ma douleur fut amère!
Je t'ai cru tombé sous les coups
De ce prophète sanguinaire ...
FIDES, *s'élançant pour la faire taire.*
O ciel!
JEAN, *qui est placé entre les deux femmes, retient sa mère et lui dit à voix basse:*
De grâce, taisez-vous!....
BERTHE—Ce monstre, en horreur à la terre,
Ce monstre, aux enfers destiné.....
JEAN—Ah! de grâce, taisez-vous.
Pitié, pitié!
Ah! ne me trahissez pas!
FIDES—Ah! ne maudissez personne,
J'ai retrouvé mon fils, la haine m'abandonne;
Partons.
BERTHE—Oui, partons.

TOGETHER.

FIDES, *with rapture.*
'Tis time yet,
Hear my faithful voice;
Be courageous and strong,
The God of heaven calls thee;
Come to him.
And the Lord's pardon
Will descend on thee.
JOHN—What! after being
So long a rebel,
I could change my fate;
The God of Heaven calls me;
Aye, I believe in him,
And the Lord's pardon
Will descend on me.

SCENE V.

The same—BERTHE, *holding a light in her hand.*
[She steps to the back wall and touches the stone, which flies open.]
Yes, here is the subterranean vault and flag stone!
JOHN, *aside.*
Heavens!
FIDES, *going to her.*
Berthe!
BERTHE, *uttering a cry.*
Fides!
FIDES—What do you here?
BERTHE, *addressing Fides.*
From my old grandsire, keeper of this palace,
I learn'd a large quantity of gunpowder
Is kept within this vault.
[Showing the flambeau she holds in her hand.]
This favoring flame
Can, in an instant, blow into he air this edifice,
The Prophet, and his followers, and myself.
FIDES—Ah, what is it she says?—All-powerful Heaven.
[Turning to John with terror.]
My son!
BERTHE *perceiving John, and uttering a cry.*
Ah me. what do I see? [Running to him.
My best belov'd, and art thou then restor'd to me?
FIDES, *to Berthe.*
Speak low! Speak low.

GRAND TRIO OF ACTION.

BERTHE, *to John.*
How bitter was my grief.
I thought thou hadst fallen a victim
To that sanguinary prophet.
FIDES, *running to her to hush her.*
Heavens!
JOHN, *who is between the two females, stops his mother, and says to her in a low tone:*
For God's sake!....keep silence.
BERTHE—That monster whom the world abhors,
That monster who is doomed to hell!
JOHN—Hush for God's sake;
Mercy! Mercy!
Ah, do not curse me.
FIDES—Ah, curse nobody;
I have found my son, and give up all hatred;
Let us go!
BERTHE—Yes, let us go.

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ENSEMBLE.
Loin de la ville,
Qu'un humble asile,
Qu'un sort tranquille,
Comble nos vœux.
Douce retraite,
Sombre et discrète
Qui nous permette
De vivre heureux.
Partons.

SCENE VI.

Les précédents, UN OFFICIER, *suivi de plusieurs soldats, descend précipitamment l'escalier.*

L'OFFICIER, *courant près de Jean.*
On t'a trahi....
Par ruse, en ce palais s'est glissé l'ennemi.
(Berthe le regarde avec effroi et étonnement.)
L'OFFICIER, *s'adressant toujours à Jean.*
Ils veulent t'immoler au milieu de la fête
De ton couronnement. Viens les punir, prophète.
BERTHE, *a ce mot, pousse un cri terrible.*
Prophète! prophète!
(Avec explosion)
O spectre épouvantable,
O terre, entr'ouvre-toi.
(A Jean, qui fait un pas vers elle.)
Fuis.... que ta main coupable
N'approche pas de moi.
Ton sceptre fut un glaive,
Tes droits sont des forfaits;
Et le sang qui s'élève
Nous sépare à jamais.
FIDES, *voulant entraîner Jean.*
Tu l'as promis, partons. Viens, il faut nous presser.
JEAN—Non, je reste à présent. A la mort je me livre.
Berthe sait mes forfaits, qu'ai-je besoin de vivre?
Berthe m'avait maudit. Dieu devait l'exaucer.
ENSEMBLE.
FIDES—O tourment qui m'accable
Et d'horreur et d'effroi.
(A Berthe)
Grace pour le coupable....
S'il le fut, c'est pour toi.
Son pardon fut un rêve
Qu'en mon cœur j'espérais,
Mais le sang qui s'élève
Les sépare à jamais.
BERTHE—O spectre épouvantable,
O terre, entr'ouvre-toi.
Fuis, que ta main coupable
N'approche pas de moi.
Ton sceptre fut un glaive,
Tes droits sont des forfaits,
Et le sang qui s'élève
Nous sépare à jamais.
JEAN—O tourment effroyable,
O terre, entr'ouvre-toi.
Point de grâce au coupable,
Plus de repos pour moi.
Mon sceptre fut un glaive,
Mes droits sont des forfaits.
Et le sang qui s'élève
Nous sépare à jamais
BERTHE—Je t'aimais, toi que je maudis.
Je t'aime encore peut-être....et m'en punis.

TOGETHER.
Far from town we may meet
With some humble retreat,
Where tranquility sweet,
Of life's wishes the best.
In safety and quiet,
Retir'd, free from riot,
Where, if Heaven permit,
We'll live happy and bless'd,
Let us go.

SCENE VI.

[The same—AN OFFICER, followed by several soldiers, descends hastily by the staircase.]
OFFICER, *running to John.*
They have betrayed thee;
By stratagem, our foes are in the palace.
[Berthe looks at him with fear and astonishment
OFFICER, *still addressing John.*
They hope to immolate thee midst the fete—
Thy coronation, Come: revenge thee, Prophet.
BERTHE, *at this word, utters a cry of terror.*
Prophet! Prophet!
[With explosion.
Oh, horrible spectre;
Oh, earth, open beneath him.
[To John who makes a step towards her.
Fly! that thy hand, most guilty,
May not, to brand, approach me;
Thy sceptre was a sword—
Thy rights have been thy crimes;
And the blood which rises 'gainst thee,
Separates us, and forever.
FIDES, *attempting to take John away.*
Thou didst promise it. Let us make haste and go.
JOHN—No; I remain; I give myself up to death!
Berthe knows my crime, why should I live?
Berthe has cursed me. God must hear her.
TOGETHER.
FIDES—O torment; I'm struck
With horror and fright.
[To Berthe.]
Oh, pardon for one guilty;
If he sinned, 'twas for my love:
His pardon was a dream,
Which in my heart woke hope;
The blood that's rais'd against him,
Separates them, and forever.
BERTHE——Oh, horrible spectre;
Oh, earth, open now beneath him;
Fly, that thy hand most guilty
May not, to brand, approach me;
Thy sceptre was a sword—
Thy fancied rights, thy crimes,
And the blood that rises 'gainst thee,
Separates us, and forever.
JOHN—Oh, torment most insufferable;
Earth, open thou beneath me;
No pardon for one guilty—
No rest for one like me;
My sceptre was a sword—
My fancied rights were crimes;
And the blood which rises 'gainst me,
Separates us, and forever.
BERTHE—I lov'd thee—I who curse thee.
Yes, I lov'd thee,
I love thee still, perhaps. Be this my punishment.

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Elle se frappe d'un poignard et tombe dans les bras de Fidès. Jean pousse un cri et se jette à ses pieds. Berthe détourne ses regards de Jean, prend la main de Fidès et lui dit en montrant son fils :

Séparés à jamais sur terre,
Qu'il se repente, ô ma mère,
Pour que je puisse au moins le revoir dans les cieux.

Jean, *avec désespoir, aux soldats, leur faisant signe d'emmener sa mère et Berthe.*

Morte, morte ! partez. Moi, je reste en ces lieux.
[Reprenant sa couronne, qui est restée sur la table de pierre, et la remettant sur son front.]
Je reste pour punir les coupables.

FIDES, *qu'on entraîne malgré ses efforts.*

Mon fils, mon fils !

JEAN, *aux soldats, leur montrant Fidès.*

Veillez sur elle. Adieu ma mère, adieu.

FIDES, *qu'on entraîne.*

Mon fils !

JEAN, *regardant la porte qui se referme sur Fidès.*

Et maintenant, vous qui m'avez perdu,
[Il regarde le caveau que Berthe a montré au commencement de la scène, et dit, après un instant de reflexion, en se désignant lui-même :
Tous vous serez punis.
[Jean remonte vivement par l'escalier à gauche.]
Le Théâtre change.

[She strikes herself with a dagger, and falls in the arms of Fides, John utters a cry and throws himself at her feet. Berthe turns her eyes from John, takes Fides' hands, and pointing to John, says:]

We're forever separated on earth,
Oh mother; but let him repent,
That we may at least meet in heaven.

[John, with despair, to the soldiers, ordering them by signs to take away Berthe and his mother.]

Dead ! Dead !....Depart. I remain here.
[Taking the crown which had been left on the stone, and placing it on his head again.]
I remain to punish the guilty.

FIDES, *whom the soldiers forcibly drag away.*

My son. My Son.

JOHN, *to the soldiers, pointing to Fides.*

Watch over her. Adieu, mother, adieu.

FIDES, *whom they carry away.* My son.

[John looking at the door which has been shut upon Fides]
And ye now, who corrupted me.
[He looks at the vault, which Berthe pointed to in the beginning of the scene, and after a short reflection, says, pointing to himself.]
Ye shall all be punished.
[John quickly ascends the steps on the left side.
[The Scene Changes.]

2ME TABLEAU.

SCENE VII.

La grande salle du palais de Munster. Une table placée sur une estrade s'élève au milieu du théâtre. On monte de chaque côté par des degrés. Autour de l'estrade circulent des pages, des valets portant des vins et des corbeilles chargées de fruits. Au fond, à droite et à gauche, des grandes grilles de fer conduisant en dehors du palais. Jean est assis, seul, pâle et triste, devant une table couverte de mets, de vins et de fleurs, où étincellent des vases d'or. Des jeunes filles le servent, d'autres dansent autour de la table, pendant que les Anabaptistes, hommes et femmes, célèbrent les louanges du Prophète. De tous côtés, des flambeaux étincellent, des lustres brillent au plafond.

CHŒUR.

Hourra ! hourra ! gloire au Prophète,
A ses élus, transports joyeux !
Hourra ! hourra ! plaisir et fête,
A nous les voluptés des cieux.

Les danses et les chants redoublent. Plusieurs officiers qu'on a vus à la scène précèdente dans le souterrain, montent à droite et à gauche les degrés de la table et viennent, à voix basse, apporter des nouvelles au Prophète.

JEAN, *aux officiers.*

Ils viennent, dit-s-vous?
[A l'un des officiers à gauche.]
Tu sais mes ordres.... va.
[L'officier descend les marches et sort.]

JEAN, *s'adressant aux officiers à droite.*

Quand vous verrez entrer nos ennemis,
Que ces grilles se ferment sur ce gouffre,
D'où j'attiroit bientôt le salpêtre et le souffre.
Puis, hâtez-vous de fuir loin de ces lieux maudits
Vous, mes seuls.... mes derniers amis

SECOND TABLEAU.

SCENE VII.

[The Grand Hall in the Palace of Munster. A table placed on an elevation, in the middle of the stage; steps lead to it on each side. Pages and servants carry wine and baskets of fruit, and form a circle behind the platform. At the back, to the right and left, large iron open-worked gates, conducting outside the Palace. John is seated alone, pale and melancholy, before a table covered with dishes, wine and flowers, resplendent in golden vases. Young girls wait upon him; others dance around the table, while the Anabaptists, men and women, celebrate the praises of the Prophet. On all sides, sparkle flambeau; lustres shine, suspended from the ceiling]

CHORUS.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! glory to the Prophet;
To his elected, transports joyous.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! be pleasures given—
To us the luxury of Heaven.

[The dancing and singing increases. Several officers that were seen in the preceding scene, in the vault, enter and ascend the steps to the right and left of the table, and in a low voice bring tidings to the Prophet.]

JOHN, *to the officers.*

Ye say, they are coming?
[To one of the officers on the left.]
Thou knowest my orders..Go.
[The officer descends the steps and exit.]

JOHN, *to the officer on the right.*

In this palace, when my enemies will enter,
Let these iron gates be shut on this abyss,
Whence fire and brimstone will soon spurt out,
Then hasten away from this accursed place,
Ye, my only and last friends.

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Les officiers sortent. Jean se lève, saisit une coupe, et, s'adressant aux jeunes filles qui l'entourent, et élevant sa coupe, dit :

JEAN.

CHANT D'ORGIE.

Versez, que tout respire
L'ivresse et le délire.
Que tout cède à l'empire
De ce nectar brûlant.
Ah ! la céleste fête,
O triomphe si brillant.

[Voyant Zacharie, Jonas et Mathisen qui entrent.]

Compagnons du prophète,
La recompense vous attend.
Venez.... venez.
Versez, &c.

CHŒUR.

Vive, vive le Prophète !

JEAN—Versez, que tout respire, &c.

De droite et de gauche les portes s'ouvrent. On voit s'élancer, l'épée à la main, l'évêque de Munster, l'électeur de Westphalie, les principaux officiers de l'armée impériale et les princes de l'empire. D'un autre côté entrent les anabaptistes qui ont livré le Prophète, et qui viennent se ranger autour de Zacharie.

CRIS.

La mort ! la mort au faux Prophète.

JEAN, *à voix haute*

Que ces portes d'airain soient celles du tombeau.
Qu'on les ferme sur eux.

ZACHARIE, MATHISEN ET JONAS.

Le tyran est à nous.

JEAN—A Dieu seul j'appartiens.

OBERTHAL—Il est en mon pouvoir.

JEAN—Vous êtes tous au mien.

3ME TABLEAU.

EMBRASEMENT DU PALAIS.

Une grande explosion se fait entendre; un pan de muraille s'écroule au fond du théâtre, et les flammes se font jour de tous côtés.

JEAN, *s'adressant aux anabaptistes épouvantés, qui voudraient et ne peuvent fuir.*

Vous, traîtres....

[A Oberthal et à tous les princes de l'empire.]

Vous tyrans, que j'entraîne en ma chute,
Dieu dicta notre arrêt ...et moi, je l'exécute.

[Un second pan de mur s'écroule.]

Tous coupables.... et tous punis ...

Epouvantable détonation. Le palais s'écroule, et l'on voit au loin la ville de Munster éclairée par l'incendie du palais. En ce moment, une femme, les cheveux épars et le corps sanglant, se fait jour à travers les décombres, et vient tomber dans les bras de Jean, qui pousse un cri en reconnaissant sa mère.

Ah !.... ma mère.

FIDES—Moi,
Qui viens te pardonner et mourir avec toi.

[Il se jette dans les bras de sa mère.]

INVOCATION.

JEAN ET FIDES.

Ah ! viens, divine flamme,
Un Dieu qui nous réclame,
Ah ! viens porter notre âme
Libre de ses erreurs.

ENSEMBLE GENERAL.

[Ils reprennent avec l'ensemble.]

Le feu, gagnant le faîte,
Nous ferme la retraite.

[The officers retire. John rises, takes a goblet, and speaking to the young girls who surround him, raising his goblet, says :

JOHN, Bacchanal Song.

Quaff, quaff in joyous measure;
Breathe, breathe delicious pleasure,
Hail, hail the reign of leisure,
Drink, drink to nectar's slave;
Hail, hail this feast, celestial;
Pledge triumphantly the brave.

[To the Anabaptists entering.]

Comrades worthy of the Prophet,
Sweet recompense you'll soon receive,
All hail ! all hail.
Quaff, quaff, etc.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, glory to the Prophet.

JOHN—Quaff, quaff, etc.

[The doors on the right and left are opened. The Bishop of Munster, the Elector of Westphalia, the chief officers of the imperial army, and the princes of the Empire are seen entering, sword in hand. On the other side, the Anabaptists who betrayed the prophet, enter and place themselves around Zacharie.]

CRIES.

Death! death! to the false Prophet.

JOHN, *with a loud voice.*

Let these iron doors be the doors of their tomb;
Let them be closed on them.

ZACHARIE, MATHISEN AND JONAS.

The tyrant belongs to us.

JOHN—I belong to God alone.

OBERTHAL—He is at my mercy.

JOHN—Ye are all at mine.

THIRD TABLEAU.

CONFLAGRATION OF THE PALACE.

[A tremendous explosion is heard; a wall in the back part of the stage tumbles down; and flames issue from all sides.]

JOHN—*to the frightened Anabaptists who vainly attempt to fly.*

Ye traitors.

[To Oberthal, and all the princes of the Empire]

Ye tyrants, who shall perish with me,
God pronounced our sentence I execute it.

[Another wall tumbles down.]

All guilty....and all punished.

[Dreadful explosion. The palace tumbles down, and the city of Munster is seen in a distance by the light of the blazing palace. In the same moment, a woman disheveled, stained with blood, comes out of the ruins, and throws herself into the arms of John, who recognizes his mother, and says:]

Ah !....my mother.

FIDES—Herself.

Who comes to forgive and perish with thee.

[She throws herself into John's arms]

INVOCATION.

JOHN AND FIDES.

Come divine flame,
To God who claims us;
Come and carry our souls
Purified of all our errors.

TOGETHER.

[They resume with the rest]

The blaze has reached the roof,
And we cannot escape;
Our death is approaching,
And hell for us is waiting.

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GRAND TABLEAU.

La toile tombe.

FIN DU 5ME ET DERNIER ACTE.

FIN DU PROPHETE.

[The fire, which has been gradually increasing, rages now with the greatest fury. John throws himself into the arms of his mother, who raises her eyes to heaven. Everything is in a blaze; the whole palace falls down. General fright; solemn moment.

GRAND TABLEAU.

The curtain drops—End of the Fifth Act.

END OF THE PROPHET.

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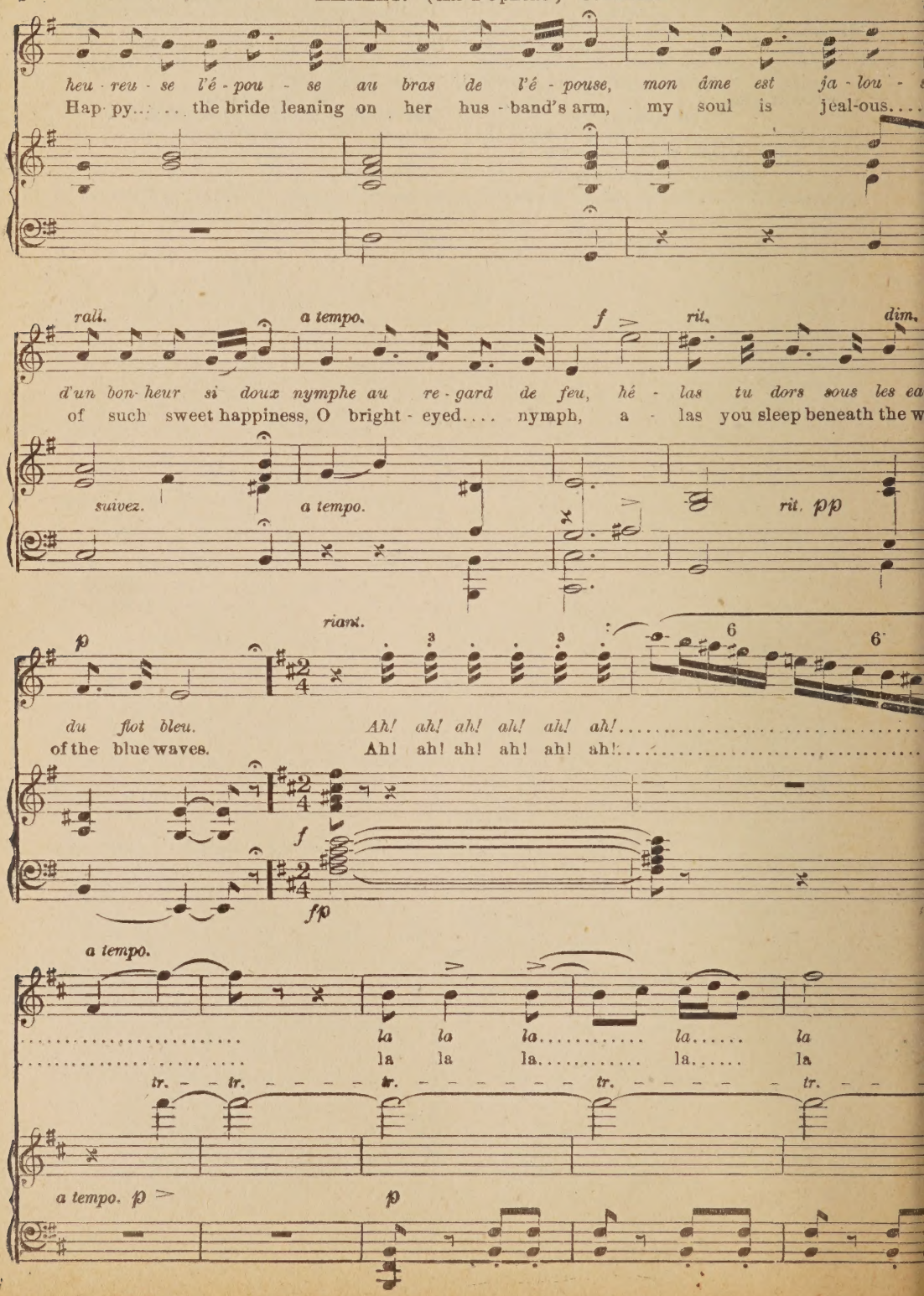

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Hamlet. (Air d'Ophelie.)

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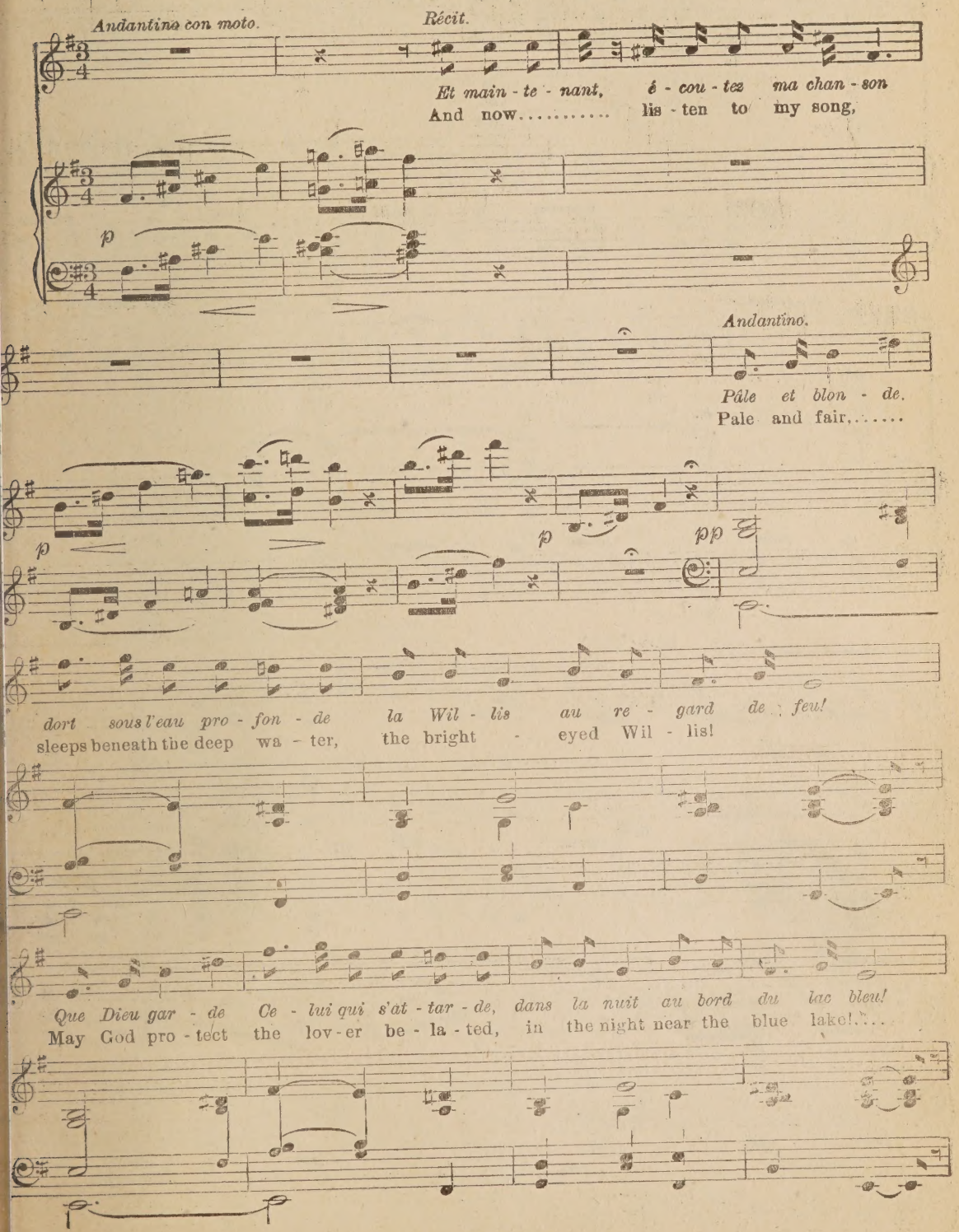

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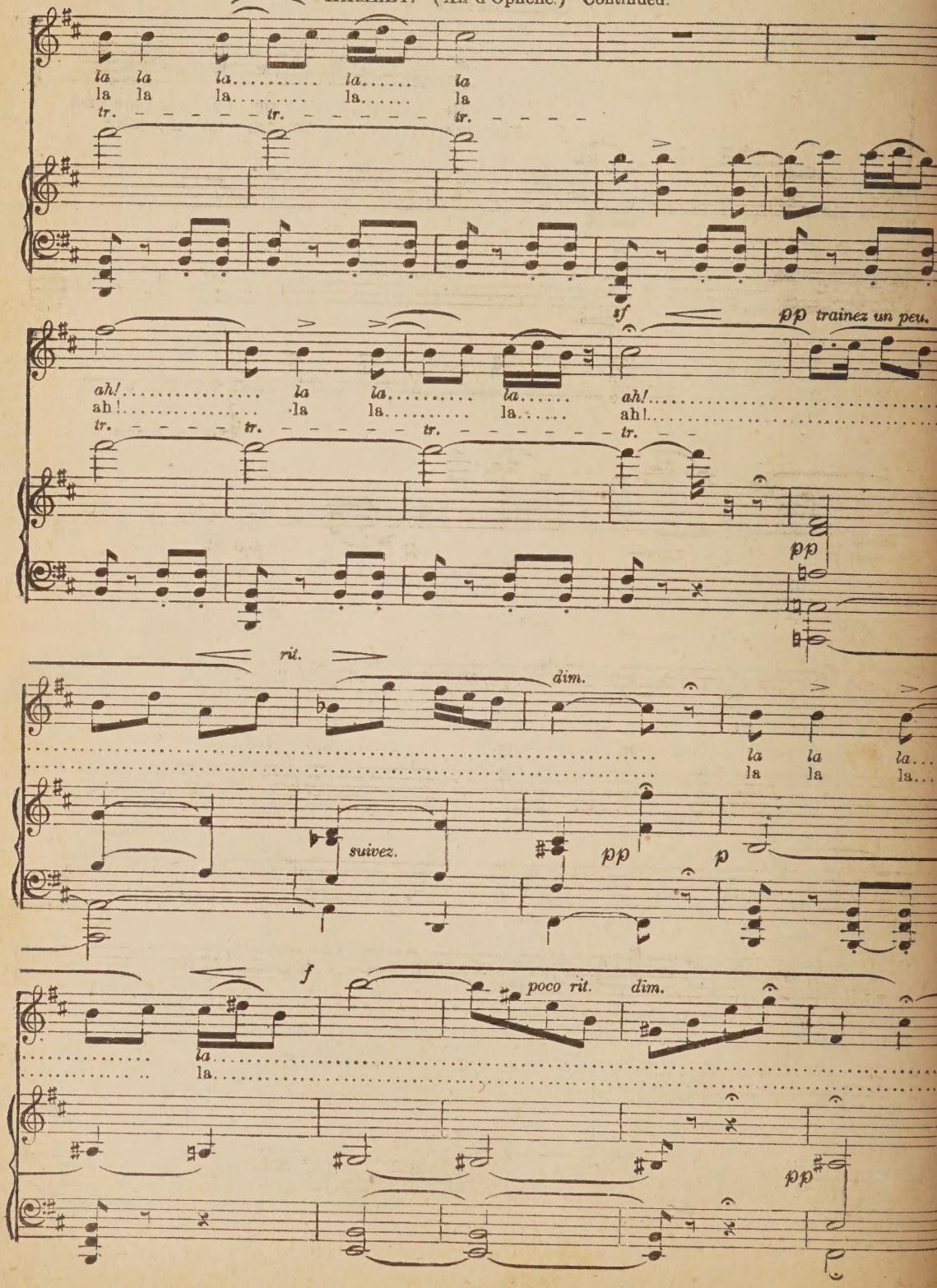

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